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GOETHE'S  
WEST-EASTERLY  
DIVAN

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WEST-EASTERLY DIVAN.

Translated, with Introduction and Notes,

BY

JOHN WEISS.



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JOHN WEISS.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE poems of the "Divan" were composed during the years when nearly all the thought and passion of Germany, which existed beyond the limits of Goethe, were absorbed by the struggle with Napoleon's domination. The poet recoiled from this feeling of his own nation, and, as if to put as many degrees of longitude as possible between himself and the uproar of the times, he retreated into the study of the Chinese and other Oriental literatures: other important subjects also preoccupied his mind, but these were the most characteristic of his mood. Several verses in the first Book of the "Divan" express his relief at escaping from politics: they sound with the note of his dissatisfaction during that period.

The cause of this apparent indifference to his country's political welfare lay within his temperament and mental structure: it is interesting to observe that it was an organic exigency of his nature, as little to be modified or cancelled as was that devotion to knowledge, art, and culture which flourished by favor of this indifference. The genius instinctively submitted to its own law.

It is certain that he never caught the infection of Gallic politics which so ravaged Germany at the close of the last century ; he had, therefore, no democratic sentiments to parade in the uniforms of the War of Liberation.

France's sorrowful plight well may our Great ones consider ;

But forsooth our Little ones may consider it more.

Down to dust went the Great : but who then protected the million

The million against ? The tyrant of mobs was the mob.

But the diplomatic game of kings was equally repulsive to him.

Say, then, do we not right ? The People is made for deceiving.

See, now, how clumsy It is ; see, now, how wild and absurd !

Clumsy and wild are all brutish men who have been cheated :

*Only be honest*, and you will make them human again.

Another sensible epigram is thus translated by Mr. Carlyle : —

“No Apostle-of-Liberty much to my heart ever found I ;

License, each for himself, this was at bottom their want.

Liberator of many ! first dare to be Servant of many ;

What a business is that, wouldst thou know it, go try ! ”

This Goethe tried, and, recognizing the true object of his powers, he served his countrymen with a language embalmed in a style ; to science he contributed vitally organic ideas, to art and culture the wisest maxims of nature and simplicity, and to literature some imperishable memorials of lyric and dramatic genius.

"Art thou *called* to politics," says Carlyle, "work therein, as this man would have done, like a real and not an imaginary workman. Understand well, meanwhile, that to no man is his political constitution 'a life, but only a house wherein his life is led ;' and hast thou a nobler task than such *house*-pargeting and smoke-doctoring, and pulling down of ancient rat-inhabited walls, leave such to the proper craftsman ; honor the higher Artist, and good-humoredly say with him,—

"All this is neither my coat nor my cake,  
Why fill my hand with other men's charges ?  
The fishes swim at ease in the lake,  
And take no thought of the barges."

All this we may safely concede to the poet, though at the same time we suspect that if we had been contemporaries of those patriot-spokesmen of Germany,—Fichte, Körner, Arndt, and the rest,—our hearts would have caught the pulses of their words.

Goethe's indifference to political issues resulted from the same instinct which bade him also dread them because they threatened the pursuance of his characteristic work. In 1792, he followed his Duke, Carl August of Weimar, who volunteered as Colonel of a regiment which invaded France with the allies in the name of Louis XVI. ; but friendship and curiosity were the ruling motives, and his mind was chiefly interested in the new groups of men and manners which he met, the sad or humorous episodes of the field, his feelings under fire

and in the trenches. Already he was absorbed in speculations that drifted toward an anti-Newtonian theory of color ; the muddy pools in the autumn fields across which the troops were laboring charmed him with freaks of light that suggested something to his theory. The frivolous character of the *Emigrés*, who expected that the Allies would promenade gaily to Paris amid the welcomes of an afflicted people, reconciled him to the vanishing prospect of a restoration of legitimacy. The mildness of his tone in discussing the political situation sometimes caused him to be mistaken for a republican. But he detested the excesses of both Jacobins and Royalists, and only expected a fortunate campaign on the ground of the reports that not a single party of the French people was capable of resistance. When he was undeceived, as the Allies fell back at every touch of the French impetuosity, his solicitudes were inspired entirely by personal friendships, with a shade of chagrin at the blunders of the German leaders.

At length the cannonade of Valmy, Sept. 28, 1792, dissipated the illusions of the Allies, and broke up their secret intrigues in the interest of Louis ; for Dumourier was only amusing them while his batteries were getting into position. At the close of that day, Goethe was the only clear and tranquil man ; in the night-circle of officers he uttered his presage of the future : “ From this place and from this day forth begins a new era in the world’s history, and you all can say that you were

present at its birth." Yonder in speaking silence the guns of Dumourier lent their weight of metal to his words.

In dispassionate moments of our own we can perceive that he always divined too clearly to please the politicians, and too coolly to suit a popular enthusiasm.

"When parties arise, at see-saw the people go playing ;  
Many years pass away ere in a poise they unite."

Once by way of vindication he wrote thus : "It should be to the credit of an actively productive mind, of a man who has true sentiments toward the Fatherland, and would nourish a native literature, when the upturning of all existing conditions shocks him ; since it cannot convey to him the least inkling of what better or even different state of things may flow out of it. People ought to concede that he is rightly irked to see such influences extend so over Germany that cracked and even unworthy persons seize the helm."

Here is a letter which he despatched to his friend Jacobi, just before departing to join the camp : —

"FRANKFORT, Aug. 18, 1792.

"I shall go on Monday to Mainz, and thence immediately rejoin the army. Tent and sutler's fare are a bad offset to my mother's house, bed, cuisine, and cellar ; especially as I take not the smallest interest in the destruction of aristocratic or democratic sinners. I have seen my old friends and my prosperous native place again with joy ; but there is no society where I can

bear to linger long, for where two or three are gathered together, straightway the four-year old song of *pro* and *contra* is ground out again, and that too not with variations, but the crude theme. So I wish myself back among the Thuringian hills, where I can still shut up the house and garden. And for this reason I advise you to stay at home, for nobody wants to travel in order to hear and see at every halt the same old thing. Unfortunately the newspapers go everywhere, and they are my most dangerous enemies."

He was even completely indifferent to the circumstances and the fields of old battles which changed the political complexion of an epoch. On his Italian journey in 1786-87, reaching Palermo, a maladroit guide interrupted his enjoyment of the blooming landscape by explaining that it was the very scene of one of Hannibal's greatest battles. Goethe answered petulantly, "It is bad enough that the crops should be every now and then trampled under foot, if not always by elephants then by horses and men, without vexing the imagination by drawing it from its reverie of peace to recall such horrors."

And one day an English bishop, taking him severely to task for the bad influence of his "Werther," was thus neatly put on the defensive: "Pray, hold! If you talk in this way about that poor Werther, what tone will you assume toward the great men of earth, who for a single expedition send into the field a hundred thousand men who excite each other to murder and contrive mutually to kill, say, twenty-five thousand, not to mention burn-

ing and pillage? Then you bishops, after these horrors, thank God and chant Te Deums!"

Eckermann relates an instance of his profound unconcern for politics. When the news of the French Revolution of July, 1830, reached Weimar, and moved everybody, Eckermann called upon Goethe. "What do you think of the news? The volcano has burst at last." Eckermann replied, "It is frightful; but what else could have been expected than the expulsion of the royal family?" Said Goethe, "We do not appear to understand each other. I am speaking of the battle between Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire. At the last meeting of the Academy, in July, St. Hilaire declared himself at last on my side, and spoke in favor of my theory of transformation." It was indeed an important event, which is just beginning to bear fruit in the present theories of evolution, richer than all the politics of that fervid month of July. If a man's breathing is at the rate of a century, second-hands may decline to measure his pulse.

His respect for the genius of Napoleon, whom he met for the first time at the famous Congress of Kings in Erfurt, 1808, was profound, and it remained unabated to the day of Waterloo, through all the fluctuations of fortune. In that interview Goethe was naturally flattered to hear Napoleon say that he carried "*Werther*" with him to Egypt; then also the soldier discussed with the poet some æsthetic points of this novel. People were

never tired of crediting his Napoleonism to the interview; but it was rooted deeper in a real feeling that Napoleon's genius was the century's greatest birth, and he hoped that a settled Europe would be the benign trophy of its activity. No feeling, no movement, no combination, no improvised enthusiasm, he thought, could resist and defeat its combinations. The more salutary way seemed to lie through this man's demonic personality, who organized that unconscious Will of history which underlies all men's conscious efforts, to advance or thwart them. A feeling that he too was dominated by this unconscious force of Nature, this drift of a function of hers to subsidize those gifts of ours which seem the freest and most personal to ourselves, held him in secret affinity with Napoleon. He would always say, "Oh, you can do nothing, you cannot alter things: he is too strong."

The disaster of Moscow, in 1812, did not shake this conviction. Nor did it weaken his opinion that the popular enthusiasm which then began to gather all along the path of that retreat would not change the face of Germany. There he was right. Up to that time the German people had shown an inaptitude for political development. Republican ideas were metaphysically entertained. The people had found no way of breaking from the bureaucratic tutelage which succeeded to the old feudalism. The municipal usage which has nourished a feeling of independence in other nations was confined to local subjects and details. There was no

homogeneous people to be thus educated and inspired. German unity was hardly more than a reverie of book-worms. The same language was spoken, with variations of no great importance, from the foot of the Alps to the shores of the Baltic, but it was used to express provincial states of feeling. The bewildered surface of a map of Germany expressed the absence of uniformity of tendency and of ideal concentration upon polity and administration which reigned among those tenants of princely preserves, whose choicest life had hitherto exhaled in universities, treatises, and mere liberties of speech upon themes indifferent to the State. The best brains enjoyed a famous time in wreaking themselves upon topics of theology, pure reason, the group of the *Laocoon*, the subjects of the theatre, the Gallic and anti-Gallic verse, the discovery of Shakspeare, the Hellenic and the Romantic dispute. A social life amply supplied with the elements of material and æsthetic satisfaction, and bound to the past by so many charming customs and traditions, was not a despicable substitute for constitutional privileges. Goethe reflected with justice that the enthusiasm which kindled all along the steps of Russian soldiers as they passed into Germany contained more hatred for France than love for municipal and constitutional liberty. That was confined entirely to a few generous thinkers who were doomed to disappointment because they misrepresented their age and countrymen.

Solid and whole-souled was the popular feeling of 1813. In Berlin volunteers enrolled themselves at the rate of nine thousand a day. At the universities student-corps and "leagues of virtue" were formed with sonorous *hochs* and Homeric clinking of the glasses. Noble and delicately cultured men, recluse students, took the field shoulder to shoulder with the roughest. The disinterested Fichte and his wife went into the hospital-service.

When the Prussian volunteers made their appearance in Weimar, Goethe wrote: "They behave rudely, and one is not prepossessed." He forbade his son to join the army, and fled to Teplitz, to Meissen, to Dresden; meeting everywhere the ardent young scholars and poets, Arndt, Körner, Stägemann, Schenkendorf, Reimer, disappointing and maddening all of them by his cool indifference, and predicting evil things to Stein, the Prussian minister.

J. Schmidt ("History of German Literature since Luther's Death") says that he settled down in Teplitz and buried himself in Chinese, as if to put two thousand years between his mind and his country. To H. Meyer, on July 21, he writes: "You must be praised on account of your decision. Whoever possibly can should rescue himself from the present, since it is impossible to live so uncomfortably in proximity to such events without at last going mad with anxiety, confusion, and embitterment."

On May 2, Napoleon gained the battle of Lutzen by

a very narrow chance ; Bautzen on May 20, 21 ; Reichenbach on May 22,— and the Allies still retreat. During an armistice in June an attack was made upon Lützow's Free Corps, on the pretext that they were not regular troops, and in this superfluous skirmish Körner was killed ; but the German youth still fought, singing his famous songs : "The storm is out, the land is roused"— "Sword, at my left side gleaming"— and "Lützow's Wild Chase."

The battle of Dresden was fought Aug. 26, 27 ; the Allies still retreated, but Napoleon became in consequence too much involved, and his fortune began to turn. The battles of Culm, Aug. 29, 30, were defeats for him : Katzbach, Aug. 26 ; Gross Beeren, 23 ; Dennewitz, Sept. 6,— all defeats. At length on the plains of Leipsic, during the famous three days, Oct. 16, 17, 18, Napoleon was almost annihilated. Retreating through Erfurt, he dictated a bulletin of the defeat in the same hotel where Goethe met him to discuss the sentiment of "Werther." During the battle of Leipsic, Goethe was at home writing the epilogue of a play, called "The Countess of Essex," and returning in it to his old admiration for the Emperor. Was it from a shudder which the earth caught from the thunder of Leipsic, that a medallion of Napoleon fell from its place in the poet's study while he was writing ? His wife was impressed, but he sought to reassure her by showing that the hero's face was not hurt and the whole damage trifling.

Two more battles ensued, and Germany looked down upon the Rhine from the heights beyond Hochheim. Then the sight inspired an additional verse to the national anthem ; but no light pontoon of rhyming availed then to transport a nation across to finish the revenge of Leipsic. Not till 1871 did the nation exist for reclaiming the ancient boundary.

Goethe's "Theory of Color" appeared in 1810, after a devotion of twenty years to optical experiments. The "Truth and Poetry out of my Life" was begun in 1808 ; the first volume appeared in Oct. 1811, the second in 1812, the third in 1814.

Now the German hopes ran freely but also distractedly : the enthusiasm was subsiding to uncover cliques of ideas ruffling like reefs the stream of unity. Görres established in 1814 the famous "Rhenish Mercury ;" it repudiated German unity, wanted a representative system, but the continuance of Austria and Prussia as monarchies. All the thoughtful heads hatched various schemes looking toward some settlement with ameliorations for the Fatherland. But the Congress of Vienna took in hand the political business, and all patriotic illusions vanished. Goethe had indulged none ; he saw that to get rid of the French would not change the face of Europe. Doubtless he preferred no change, but that was not the reason why he could expect none. A reaction that is natural after a great war set in. All the relations of life were unsettled, many things were turned

adrift, a painful feeling penetrated everywhere, distracted the circles of society, raised an uproar of opinion. Said Fr. Schlegel, "The condition was like that of a man apparently well-to-do and happy, but who is oppressed by heavy debts or tormented by a bad conscience."

To Lüders, the historian, who, full of ardor, started "The Nemesis" at Jena early in 1814, Goethe said in 1813: "Do not believe that I could be indifferent toward those great ideas, Liberty, People, Fatherland. No, those ideas are within us: they are a part of our being, and no one can repudiate them. Germany lies very close to my heart. I have often experienced bitter grief at the thought of a German people that is so respectable in details, and so miserable as a whole. A comparison of the German people with other nations excites painful feelings: art and science do not compensate for the proud consciousness of belonging to a great, powerful, feared, and respected people. I, too, believe in a future of the German people; it promises, possesses, a future. But we are now talking about the present. Suppose the case, that Napoleon will be subdued,—utterly put down. Well,—what next? You speak of the awakening, of the uplifting, of the German people, and are of the opinion that the people will never let itself be robbed of the freedom which it has attained by such a dear purchase of blood and treasure. But is the people really awakened? Does it know what it wishes, and what it can acquire? Have you forgotten

that splendid speech which the worthy Philistine in Jena shouted to his neighbor, that as soon as the French had cleared out he could sweep out his shop and make it convenient for the Russian? The people has slept too deeply to be brought back to consciousness so quickly, even by the sharpest shaking. Besides, is every agitation an uplifting? Is a man elevated because he is violently roused? I do not speak of the thousands of cultivated youths and men, but of the mass,—the millions. And what then has been attained or won? You say, Liberty. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, Liberation; that is, a freeing, not from the yoke of the foreigner, but from a foreign yoke. It is true I no longer see any Frenchmen and Italians hereabout; but instead there are Cossacks, Baschkirs, Kroats, Magyars, Kassubes, Samlanders, and Hussars of variegated colors. We have been accustomed for a long time to direct our regards westward and expect danger only from that quarter; but the earth stretches far toward the East. But do not let me talk any more. You lay great stress upon the excellent proclamations of the foreign and domestic rulers. Yes, yes! ‘A horse! a horse! a kingdom for a horse!’ ”

And when politics raged none the less distractedly after the Congress had pricked the bubble of many an illusion, Goethe said: “When the enthusiasm broke down I pronounced the curse of Bishop Arnulphus over all talk about German politics, and thus eased myself.

As soon as they began, I cut in with, ‘I curse you!’ They soon grew quiet and left me unmolested.”

From 1817 to 1821, there was a democratic reaction whose stir was again restless. On Dec. 18, 1818, Goethe wrote thus to his old friend, Zelter, the distinguished composer: “In such a case an individual who suffers from the general folly may be permitted, with some degree of self-satisfaction, to say that, if he did not foresee all, he at least fore-felt it. This justifies my impassibility, to preserve which I have, like the Epicurean gods, concealed myself in a quiet cloud. May I succeed in gathering it ever thicker and more impenetrable around me!”

The Tricentenary of the Reformation was celebrated in Germany, Oct. 18, 1817, the anniversary of the crowning day of the battle of Leipsic. A crowd of students and professors, chiefly from Jena, seized the occasion to go to the Wartburg,—the castle where Luther lived in concealment,—and there recall the day in Democratic fashion. In the forenoon, the speeches were moderate. After dinner, at Eisenach, a religious service was held in the church. But when evening came, and a torch-light procession returned to the Wartburg to kindle the Leipsic bonfire of October, the speeches were highly revolutionary; a number of books by bureaucratic authors were thrown into the flames, and Charles Follen’s “Great Song” was sung. The whole affair was, after all, nothing but an ebullition of the Turners’ spirit.

But the opinion of Niebuhr, the historian, is found thus recorded in a letter : "The coarse proceedings on the Wartburg, mingled as they were with religious comedy, have deeply distressed me. They exhibit our youth as conceited, empty, and vulgar. Freedom is quite impossible when the youth of a country are devoid of reverence and modesty. If I wrote according to the dictates of my heart, they would burn me also in effigy ; and yet I know that all the *genuine* republicans of all ages would subscribe to my doctrine."

The event is here rightly in place on account of a pleasant story, communicated by Prof. H. W. Longfellow. Robert Wesselhoefft, who emigrated to America and became a physician in Cambridge, acted, in 1817, as printer's boy to take the proofs of *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre* to Goethe. The old poet was friendly ; used to pat him on the head, and made him feel at ease. So when the famous Wartburg meeting came off, with immense interest to the youthful mind, the boy thought it would be a fine thing to collect all the songs and speeches of that occasion and carry them to Goethe. "Here, your Excellency, are all the songs, &c." Goethe cried with warmth, " You youths are not going to have it all your own way ! Some of us old fellows are yet left." The boy replied, " Your Excellency did not talk so, when you wrote *Goetz von Berlichingen!*" Goethe smiled, and, turning to a table where wine stood, poured out two glasses, one for the boy, and said, "*Goetz soll*

*leben!*" — the customary toast-formula, equivalent to, "Here's to Goetz."

Nothing would appease the German notables after Leipsic save a celebration of triumph, with music, song, and solemn show ; and the greatest poet must lend to it the *éclat* of his fame. Nothing else would suit ; the impulsive Goethe must emerge from his cloud of chagrin to pipe a ditty of victory and peace. As might have been expected, he did it very badly. No man can contradict his own genius with impunity. "The Awakening of Epimenides," which was performed at Berlin, would not carry off the prize in a contest of average poems. Evidently he was the Epimenides who had been asleep, and so he describes himself. True to nature and art, he finds himself isolated from all the rest ; wild alarms of war arise, but the wise gods sleep. Every thing is torn up by the roots ; phantoms bear sway, veiled shadows come and go. Epimenides wakes to see that all he most cherished had disappeared ; but the old desire of song begins to revive in his bosom, and he confesses,—

" My hours of quiet turn to shame :  
Your griefs were gains, but not for me,  
And you have won the greater fame  
Thus coming safe through sorrow's sea."

"Unity" was one of the personages in this allegorical piece. The advice which she gave to the enthusiasts of Berlin betrayed his suspicion that an important ele-

ment of a durable nationality was left out of the War of Liberation.

It is true a chorus of Spirits sang with great confidence,—

“ Come, and hear the promise spoken,—  
 Rescue from your deepest smart ;  
 Shafts and columns may be broken,  
 Not an independent heart ;  
 For it is a constant living,  
 Is itself the whole of man ;  
 In it wake the joy and striving  
 Tyrants cannot break nor ban.”

And a chorus of Warriors indulged in a platitude which almost defies the art of the translator :—

“ So burst we through the foreign chain,  
 And through our low estate ;  
 Now are we Germans once again,  
 And now again are great.  
 'Mid people noblest have we stood,  
 Are still a noble breed,  
 Of open mind and honest blood,  
 And righteous in our deed.”

A highly satisfactory estimate to every German who never happened to fall in with one of the epigrams of the “ Politica,” in which Goethe twitted his countrymen with their frivolous debate upon the spelling of the word *Deutsch*, whether with a *D* or a *T*:—

“ Accursèd folk, scarce art thou free,  
 Dost break in two on *D* and *T*!  
 Was not your need, your luck enough?  
*Deutsch*, then, or *Teutsch*, art silly stuff.”

The German editors and critics, commenting upon Goethe's attitude toward the War of Liberation, naturally lament it. His defect in political feeling and in desire for popular advantages is conceded to be a limitation. The sagacity which refused to exchange an existing system for a People which did not yet exist does not reconcile Germans to his want of enthusiasm for popular programmes. But they proceed to atone for all this concession by making another: that by reason of his limitation he lived all the deeper and ampler in a career of harmonious and peaceful culture, to the last breath of a life protracted through faithful work, and strictly guided by his instinct of intellectual integrity. If that be so, his deficiency of political ardor was not a limitation, but an organic advantage which claimed protection from his wariness. In the calm review, the Germans ought to be foremost in candor; they hold in trust a life that is illustrious in modern times for its conscientious obedience to providential gifts. Its love of beauty, its divining sense for Nature, its prudence to extract wisdom from every circumstance, and to fund it, simply invested, for the use of men,—all this does not affect the mind so strongly as his conscience for his mission; for that gains entrance into our circle of ethical and religious ideas, and, though our career be ever so restricted, it stimulates us to fidelity. Not even the sudden sweetness of his lyrical note, nor the easy, silent, capable flight of every song which thrids superfluous

underbrush like a bird without touching, can so startle us into admiration.

So much to account for Goethe's pursuits during a stormy period, and to Orient ourselves toward the opening tones of the "Divan."

On June 18, 1815, the day of Waterloo, Goethe on a Rhine visit found a copy of Von Hammer-Purgstall's translation of the Persian Hafis: it was not a very good one, but the first of its kind. It was the ambition of a Persian poet to complete a Divan,—that is, odes in sufficient number to make a collection arranged according to their letter-endings. Goethe was greatly impressed by the Divan of Hafis. "I had to protect myself against it by composing; otherwise I should not have held my ground against the mighty presence. All that I had preserved and cherished, that was similar in sense and substance, came forth, and with all the more vivacity because I felt constrained to escape from the actual world which threatened fresh troubles into an ideal one, to live in which with satisfaction all my will, pleasure, and capacity were pledged. Already somewhat acquainted with Eastern traits, I applied myself to the language, so far as it was indispensable, to breathe its air; I even learned the peculiarities and ornaments of its handwriting. So the material accumulated, and the subject-matter grew richer, till without hazard I could seize the momentary impulse and work in it. Although the scholars could scarce divine, still less com-

prehend, what I particularly wanted, yet each one of them contributed something; and I was stimulated to declare myself upon a field on which I was somewhat practised, but had never before seriously surveyed. Everywhere I breathed the fresh air of the East."

When some of the poems thus composed were published in the *Damenkalender* (Lady's Almanac), people did not know whether they were translations or imitations. Scarcely a dozen lines in Goethe's "Divan" are direct translations. Persian poets furnished here and there suggestions of figures and sentiments: as to imitation, the "Divan" simply imports an Eastern tone and color, a mystic and reflective habit, and occasionally a structure of the verse. But its thought is Western, and its topics belong to the modern world. Therefore, as its name indicates, it is "West-Easterly." The German poet struck through Hafis and the rest the Oriental vein which runs so surprisingly in the Teutonic nature: even the pessimism of Schopenhauer is thoroughly Persian, and European shades of pantheism had all been announced in Eastward countries. Striking this vein, Goethe draws from it the coloring for Western moods and circumstances, and thus derives the title of his "Divan."

Writing to Zelter, he says: "This Mohammedan religion, mythology, and manners allow to poetry a scope which suits my years. Unconditional submission to the immutable will of God, cheerful survey of the mobile

affairs of earth which are ever returning spirally upon themselves, love and inclination oscillating between two worlds, all the real now clarified, now dissolving to symbols,—what needs the Grandfather more?"

The poet did not for some time notice that there was a touch of grandfather in the new style, as these poems abated somewhat the early lyrical flow to become didactic. When Zelter asked him for a song or two to set to music, Goethe perceived the change in his manner. "To give you a new poem I have ransacked my 'Divan,' and discovered for the first time how this style of composition runs to reflection, for I found nothing in it that was singable. And, in fact, it is remarkable that the Orientals influence by writing, not by singing. Every single member is so penetrated with the sense of the whole, so essentially Oriental relative to manners, customs, religion, that there ought to be a previous expository poem before one of them can affect the imagination or the feeling. Hitherto I have not myself known what a wonderful whole I had made out of it. Moreover, it is a style of composing which suits my age, mode of thought, experience, and observation: it permits one to be as softly foolish in love-matters as ever in youth."

Perhaps the reader may incline to find too many of the poems overdone with love's civilities, but he will not fail to be delighted with the clear sparkles deposited from a wide experience of men and circumstance, com-

pactly faceted and ready for the wearing. Some of Goethe's most spiritual opinions are scattered through the "Divan."

While studying his authorities and slowly composing the songs, Goethe sketched, according to Schmidt, an Oriental opera, and began to fill it out. But there chanced to be no musician near him, and he soon became aware that no public was waiting for such a thing. It would have been difficult at once to work toward the taste of a public and to consult the talent and possible whim of a composer.

Still, some distinguished composers have found singable subjects in the "Divan." Zelter was frequently taking "little walks" through it to pick up subjects. He set to music "Elements" (page 9); "Formed and Informed" (page 77); "Pluck," and "Rough and Ready" (page 16); "Holy Longing" (page 20); "Ah, West wind" (page 132); "Reunion" (page 133); "All and One" (page 141); "One who too sober is" (page 147). Schumann set to music "Sense of Liberty" (page 6); three verses of "Talismans" (page 5); "Allah's is the Orient" (page 7); song of "Suleika" (page 139); "I sit alone" (page 145); "Do not set the flask" (page 149). Mendelssohn has also set the last for a male chorus, and the Suleika song, "Ah, West wind" (page 132); "All this stir" (page 129).

Goethe has furnished the "Divan" with an Appendix, containing numerous notes and little treatises which

instruct considerably upon the general spirit and structure of Eastern poetry, and upon the style and matter of different poets ; but they are so deficient in explanations of the allusions which are scattered through the poems, that the translator has been obliged to do here an independent work. Whenever a passage from the Appendix touches the text directly, it has been translated. A great deal of the material is irrelevant ; such as a treatise upon “Israel in the Desert,” the notices of different travellers in the East, and the sketches of the Hebrew, Persian, and Arabian nations. These would only encumber the book. But Goethe, in studying the Arabic poems of the age before Mohammed,—those belonging to the series which was called the *Moallakat*, or “strung pearl-wise,”—came across another poem belonging to the time of Mohammed, which he has preserved. Its primitive strength and glow are so striking that it imported well to translate it : it will be found at the end of the Notes.

If the translator’s Notes, referred to by numbers in the text, ever seem to interfere and grow impertinent, the reader can easily ignore them and let the text flow on. But a good deal of the material will be found worth consulting in some connection with the “Divan.”

The translation of the poems has been conducted on the principle of giving to the reader Goethe’s form as well as contents. The structure of each verse, the strict number and sequence of them, the whole system of rhym-

ing, and the rhythm have been preserved, it is believed, with scarce an exception to find. It would have been easier to unravel some of the compact sets of lines into distinct verses, to dilute strong-flavored verses by paraphrase, to tamper with Goethe's terrible simplicity, and break up his crystals. The translator has endeavored to avoid these offences against literary integrity; and no verse, no line, has been omitted. He takes pleasure in offering to the reader the whole "Divan."

To some of the books Goethe furnished mottoes, but not to all. To preserve a uniformity in this respect, the books wanting mottoes have received them.

The first poem, called *Hegira*, the Flight, or more properly, "Emigration,"—of which Mohammed made more than one from Mecca,—expresses Goethe's desire to escape from the turmoil of his period, and gives the pitch to these poems which were composed at various times and places, and first distributed through the twelve Books in 1818 for publication.

In the motto, "Twenty years let slip away" simply marks the period of engrossment in congenial studies, including the Oriental, concluded with the publication of the "Divan."

The "West-Easterly Divan" created an epoch in Germany. The younger poets ran into Oriental studies, the scholars suspected that whole centuries of human development had lapsed into neglect. New journals appeared which were devoted to the fresh investigation; students

followed in the steps of Silvestre de Sacy, D'Herbelot, von Hammer, Colebrooke, Sir William Jones ; the prosecution of researches into the religion and literature of Eastern countries suddenly threw off its dilettante languor, and blossomed into a zeal which is now bearing the fairest fruits. The poets Freiligrath, Rückert, von Platen, Bodenstedt, have transferred into beautiful Western forms the æsthetic and spiritual feeling of the Hindu and Persian. Bodenstedt's poems of Mirza Schaffy, so named after his instructor in the East, have been quite extensively mistaken for translations. Von Platen thus dedicated a volume of poems in the Oriental style to Schelling the philosopher :—

“ Is he not also *Beauty's* sceptre bearing,  
 Who holds in *Truth's* domain the kingly right ?  
 Thou seest in the Highest both unite,  
 Like long-lost melodies together pairing.  
 Thou wilt not scorn the dainty, motley band  
 With clang of foreign music hither faring,  
 A little gift for thee, from Morning-land ;  
 Thou wilt discern the beauty they are wearing.  
 Among the flowers, forsooth, of distant valleys  
 I hover like the butterfly that clings  
 To summer-sweets and with a trifle dallies ;  
 But thou dost dip thy holy, honied wings  
 Beyond the margin of the world's flower-chalice,  
 Deep, deep into the mystery of things.”<sup>1</sup>

It is a sonnet which might have been dedicated to Goethe.

<sup>1</sup> Longfellow's “Poets and Poetry of Europe,” by the present translator.

Börne, who was a political enemy of Goethe, after reading the "Divan," wrote: "What unexampled luck must conspire with the singular talent of this man to allow him for sixty years to imitate the handwriting of genius without being detected!" It will be unexampled bad luck if the reader detects no genius in the "Divan." No lines more polished ever flowed from his pen. His subtle grace of language, his inevitable diction, has subserved, not the strained conceits and phrases which we expect from Orientalism, but the contemplation and geniality of middle Europe. Sixty years of strenuous faith kept with every task, of dearly bought prudence, of knowledge of men and women, are preserved in these pages. There wants not graceful wit, mild humor, strong irony. The poet's mind is well-travelled, like Saadi himself; the wisdom is cool and still, the joy is of a serene kind,—even the tavern-verses are simply buoyant. There is more wine in the rhythm than in the feeling, yet the rhythm takes precautions lest the wine spill over: the handsome cup is handsomely carried. How airily do numerous lines of the "Divan" effervesce upon the fancy's palate! Goethe's exquisite art suits the sobriety which sixty years and more had begun to claim from his fervid genius; yet often his youth breaks through, for in him childhood, youth, manhood, were not steps to age, but its constituents.

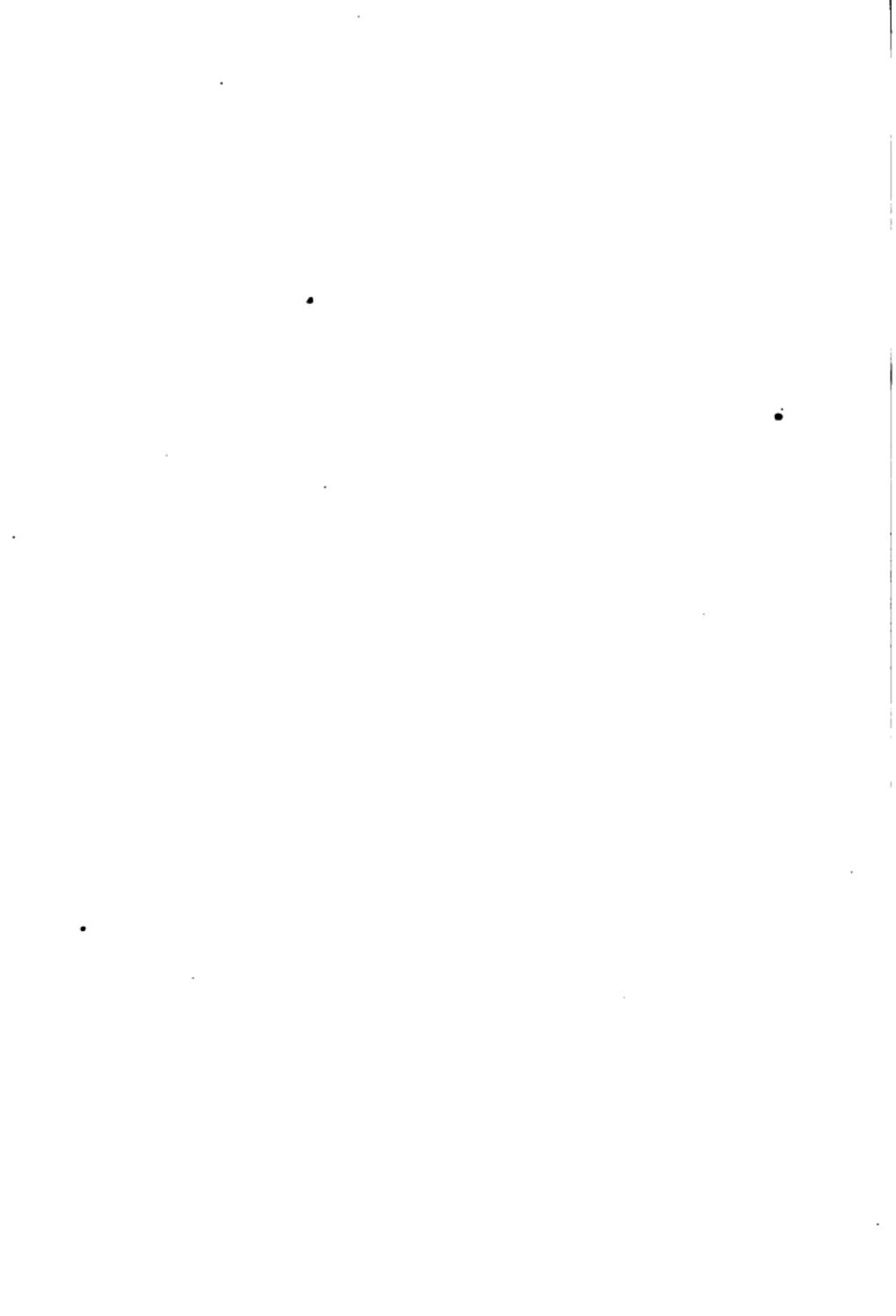
Let the reader judge for himself, as this little book flies away from petted hours to perch at a distance perhaps upon indulgent hands.



## BOOK OF THE SINGER.

---

TWENTY years let slip away,  
All the best of pleasure gaining ;  
Time no brighter nor so gay  
When the Barmecides<sup>1</sup> were reigning.



## BOOK OF THE SINGER.

---

### HEGIRA.

NORTH and West and South are splitting,  
Kingdoms tremble, thrones are flitting.  
To the morning-country haste,  
Patriarchal air to taste ;  
What with love and wine and song,  
Chiser's<sup>2</sup> spring shall make thee young.

There in pure and simple places  
Will I seek the human races  
At the very source of being,  
Tongues of earth there still agreeing  
With the lore from God attracted,  
And the brains are not distracted.

Where the Fathers were respected,  
Service save of home rejected ;  
Suits me well the old restriction,  
Narrow thought and vast conviction,  
Word how weighty that was heard there,  
For it was a spoken Word there.

Will I with the shepherds mingle,  
On the fresh oases tingle,  
Or the file of camels lading,  
Go, with musk and coffee trading,  
To and fro on all the traces  
'Twixt the towns and desert places.

Up and down the crag-paths filing,  
Hafis, thine the songs beguiling,  
When the happy leader swinging  
On his high-packed mule is singing  
Keen enough the stars to brighten  
And the robbers to affrighten.

Will in baths and wine-shops linger,  
And recall thee, holy singer ;  
Thee, too, when in my caresses  
Darling drops her amber tresses.  
May the love in poet-phrases  
Give the Houris' selves new crazes.

Let him know who would begrudge it,  
Or perchance at all misjudge it,  
That the words of poets' daring,  
Up to Paradise repairing,  
Ever lightly tap the portal  
To entreat the life immortal.

**PROVIDENCE IN PLEDGE.**

**T**ALISMAN cornelian  
Maketh one a lucky man :  
If the charm in onyx is,  
Print thereon a holy kiss ;  
What is evil it will chase,  
Thee protect, and all the place ;  
And if the engraven trace  
Showeth clear the name of Allah,  
Thee it fires to love and valor :  
Women specially discover  
That the Talisman 's their lover.

When on paper signs are set,  
They compose the Amulet :  
Only there's no need to trim it  
By the gem's too narrow limit,  
And the pious soul disburses  
To the paper longer verses :  
Men the sheets believing wear,  
As the monk his scapular.

No mystic senses 'neath the Inscript lie,  
It is itself, and says what thou dost say,  
What candid likings all thy heart betray,  
'Tis this repeats : I say it ! I !

I shall seldom bring Abraxas<sup>8</sup>!  
 That's the strange and the contorted,  
 Which a moody whim reported,  
 Feigning sense that ought to tax us ;  
 If absurd appears the thing,  
 Say I perhaps Abraxas bring.

A signet-ring 'tis hard engraving,  
 The highest sense in narrowest space ;  
 But if a sterling matter be thy craving,  
 Thou wilt in flash of thought the sentence trace.

### SENSE OF LIBERTY.

**A**T my saddle's value rate me riding !  
 Leave you poor in huts and tents abiding !  
 Gallop free through places waste and urban,  
 Nothing but the stars above my turban.

---

Thy leaders fine by land and sea,  
 The stars, He placed on high :  
 Ravish'd with them let us be,  
 Up looking at the sky.

## TALISMANS.

**A**Llah's is the Orient !  
 Allah's is the Occident !  
 North and South, the countries stand  
 In the quiet of His hand.

---

Justice out of each one's claim  
 He, the Only Just, will frame :  
 Of His hundred names,<sup>4</sup> we laymen  
 Praise this most, the Just One ! amen.

---

Coil of error may confuse me,  
 Yet Thou knowest how to loose me.  
 When I act, when I compose,  
 Give me rightness as it goes.

---

Though I think and plan the earthy,  
 Can make it tend still to the worthy ;  
 By the dust unsmother'd may my being  
 Reach by native stress to height of seeing.

---

Favor twofold in breathing see :  
 The air we draw, then set it free ;  
 One is constraint, the other bliss :  
 So wondrously life mingled is.  
 Thank God when He constrains thy will,  
 And when He lets thee, thank Him still.<sup>5</sup>

## FOUR FAVORS.

**T**HAT Arabs o'er the waste of sand  
May wander happy-hearted,  
Has Allah for their comfort plann'd,  
And favors four imparted.

The Turban first, such grace has not  
All monarchs' crowns together ;  
A Tent, unpegg'd from every spot  
To roam without a tether.

A Sword, no castle with defence  
So gallantly can glisten ;  
A Song, for all the day's intents, —  
To which the maidens listen.

Her shawl beneath does not demur,  
I sit, the flower-commander,  
She knows well what belongs to her,  
Is blithe to me and tender.

Right daintily on flowers and fruit  
I know how to regale you ;  
Wilt have moralities to boot,  
The freshest shall not fail you.

CONFSSION.

**W**HAT is hard to be hidden? The fire!  
For the smoke will blab by day,  
By night the monster; flame, in ire.  
Still harder to conceal we say  
Is love, however still it keeps  
Through both the eyes the traitor peeps.

Hardest a poem is to cover,  
One never puts a bushel over:  
The poet who has lately sung  
Is all one glowing, breathing tongue.  
If finished on the sheet it lies,  
He longs to have the whole world prize:  
To each he reads it glad and clear,  
Whether for torment or for cheer.

ELEMENTS.

**E**LEMENTS, how many are there  
Fit a real song to nourish,  
So that all the people listen,  
Masters hail with joyous flourish?

Be it Love before all other  
Theme for us, when we are singing ;  
Song that palpitates with passion  
Catches all the finer ringing.

Then must sound the clang of beaker  
That the ruby wine exposes,  
Since for lovers and for drinkers  
One must nod with fairest roses.

And we need the ring of weapons,  
Till the trumpets take to pealing,  
That, when fate to victory kindles,  
Skyward be the hero's feeling.

Last, 'tis urgent that the Poet  
Hate for many things should cherish,  
Let all beauty live and show it,  
Help the odious to perish.

If this fourfold stuff primeval  
Knows the singer how to mingle,  
Hafis-like his song will freshen,  
Through the people ever tingle.

**FORMED AND INFORMED.**

**H**ANS ADAM from a clod of earth  
    Into a man was fashioned,  
Yet stayed he after such a birth  
    A trifle unimpassioned.

The Elohim into his nose  
    With best of spirit breezing ;  
Some sign of life the creature shows  
    By hearty fit of sneezing.

Yet bones alone, and head and limb,  
    Made but a sorry clumper,  
Till one day Noah found for him  
    The very thing, a bumper.

At once he feels his moistened clay  
    Brim o'er and o'er with heaven,  
As when the dough gets quick and gay  
    In answer to the leaven.

So, Hafis, may thy charming song,  
    And thy divine example,  
Lead us with ringing cups along  
    To our Creator's temple.<sup>6</sup>

## PHENOMENON.

WHEN Phœbus embraces  
The rain ere 'tis fled,  
A bow blushing traces  
The moment o'erhead.

In mist a like circle  
Around me is drawn,  
All white my bow is,  
Yet heaven-born.

So fret not, blithe sixty,  
Though gray be the head,  
Life runs in each channel,  
And Love, till thou'rt dead.

## LOVELY?

YONDER what so gay is binding  
My horizon with the sky?  
Early haze there gathers, blinding  
Wonted sharpness of the eye.

Are they tents of the Vizier  
Where his lovely women tarry?  
Or the festal carpets are they,  
Since the dearest he will marry?

I might look in vain for fairer  
 Red and white together sporting ;  
 Hafis, how then ! Is thy Schiras  
 To our gloomy North resorting ?

Yes, they are the poppies flaunting,  
 Here they make of thee a neighbor,  
 'Cross our fields are friendly slanting  
 To bemock the war-god's labor.

Ever so to the Discreet one  
 Service be and charm of roses,  
 And a sun like this, to greet one,  
 Touch the tint my path discloses.

## DISCORD.

**W**HEN by the river-sand  
 Cupid is playing,  
 While in the field at hand  
 Trumpets are braying,  
 Draws he the ear along  
 Lovingly thither,  
 But all the blooms of song  
 In the noise wither.  
 Now flutes he full and glad  
 Through battle's thunder ;

I become raging, mad :  
Is that a wonder ?  
High swells the fluting flow,  
Trumpets are rising,  
I wander, frantic grow :  
Is that surprising ?

## PAST IN THE PRESENT:

MORN-BEDEW'D the rose and lily  
In the garden near are blooming,  
And beyond it spaces hilly  
Rise o'ergrown with friendly glooming ;  
So the lofty wood extending  
Upward to the knightly hold,  
Thence on downward ridge is blending  
With the valley's silent fold.

Here the old scents do not alter  
Where we felt the pains of love,  
And the strings upon my psalter  
With the beams of morning strove ;  
Where in full and rounded measure  
Breathed the chase-song from the woods,  
To enkindle and to freshen  
All the bosom's wonted moods.

As fresh buds the woods embolden,  
 So let Spring renew your heart,  
 Give to other souls the olden  
     Joys you cherished all apart ;  
 Then no more will there be crying  
     That we suit ourselves alone,  
 Unto every rank supplying  
     Joys too wide to be our own.

This our song and our direction,  
     Touch of Hafis we employ,  
 For it is the day's perfection  
     With enjoyers to enjoy.

## SONG AND STATUE.

**L**ET the Greek his tortured clay  
     To an image fashion,  
 O'er his handiwork betray  
     Liveliest of passion.

Our delight it is to clasp  
     Round Euphrates' motion,  
 Rhythm in our hands to grasp  
     Lapsing to the ocean.

Thus to quench my spirit's brand  
     Leaves a song resounding ;  
 Plastic is the Poet's hand,  
     Water's self comes rounding.<sup>8</sup>

## PLUCK.

**W**HAT the spell that everywhere  
    Makes men's souls to freshen?  
Listen, as I speak it fair  
    Into tone's expression.

Clear thy course of all that teases!  
    Out with sombre striving!  
Ere he sings and ere he ceases,  
    Poet must be living.

What if life its brazen message  
    Through the soul is droning!  
Poet's heart, mid saddest presage,  
    Is itself atoning.

## ROUGH AND READY.

**P**OESY a wanton mood!  
    Thus upbraid not me,  
Not until my cheery blood  
    Flows as warm in thee.

If each hour my sorrow were,  
    Tasting bitterly,  
Thou couldst not be modester  
    Than myself should be.

When a maiden first is seen,  
 Modesty is good,  
 Win her by a gentle mien,  
 For she flies the rude.

Also good is modesty  
 When there speaks the Wise,  
 Who of Time, Eternity,  
 Better can advise.

Poesy a haughty mood !  
 It contents me quite :  
 Friends and women, fresh of blood,  
 Enter ! I invite.

Monkling without cowl and frock  
 Twaddle not o'er me !  
 Bankrupt mak'st me, and not broke  
 Into modesty.

At thy phrase's this or that  
 I recoil, refuse ;  
 Have already scuffed it flat  
 Underneath my shoes.

When the poet's mill doth grind,  
 Do not lift thy hand :  
 Those will due allowance find  
 First who understand.

## ALL-QUICKENING.

DUST for thee is elemental ;  
How the dust thou deftly flingest,  
Hafis, when in Darling's honor  
Thou a dainty songlet singest !

For the dust upon her threshold  
Is by thee more precious holden  
Than the rug which pets of Mahmud<sup>9</sup>  
Kneel on mid its flowers golden.

When the zephyr from her portal  
Lightly whirls in dust and poses,  
Fragranter than musk the odor,  
Dearer than the oil of roses.

In the Northland ever shrouded  
Dust for me was seldom rising,  
But in lands of heat and pollen  
It has often been sufficing.

'Tis long since that silent hinges  
To the touch of love were swinging !  
Comfort me, O rainy tempest,  
Wake the scent to greenness clinging !

Now with peal of all the thunder,  
And the sky with lightning fretted,  
Will the dust-cloud wild and whirling  
Down to teeming soil be wetted.

And at once there 's Life created,  
Holy, secret power is swelling,  
And it greens and deepens greener  
Round the places of our dwelling.

---

Over the dust a shadow black  
Is my dear one's companion ;  
Then to dust I turned myself,  
But the shadow o'er me went its way.

---

Why should I not use the figure  
That most suits my mind ?  
We a type of life from Allah  
In the turban wind.

Why should I not use a figure  
Just as I 'm inclined ?  
In the eyes of my beloved  
Allah speaks his mind.

## BLESSSED LONGING.

TELL it not except to sages,  
For it is of mobs the game,  
I commend whatever rages  
Living for a death by flame.

When to dusk love's day that makes thee  
As thou makest is declining,  
Distant feeling overtakes thee  
From the taper's quiet shining.

Dost no longer stay belonging  
To the shadow and the setting,  
Freshly draws another longing  
Thee to loftier begetting.

Not too nice about the distance,  
Coming wingèd as if bann'd,  
Lightward, with the moth's persistence,  
Art at length a sated brand.

Dost thou shun the great behest,  
This, *Become by Dying!*  
Thou art but a sorry guest <sup>10</sup>  
On this dull earth styng.

**THE CANE.**

**M**AKETH then a simple reed  
All the planet sweeter !  
Down my quill may somewhat speed  
Pleasant to the eater !

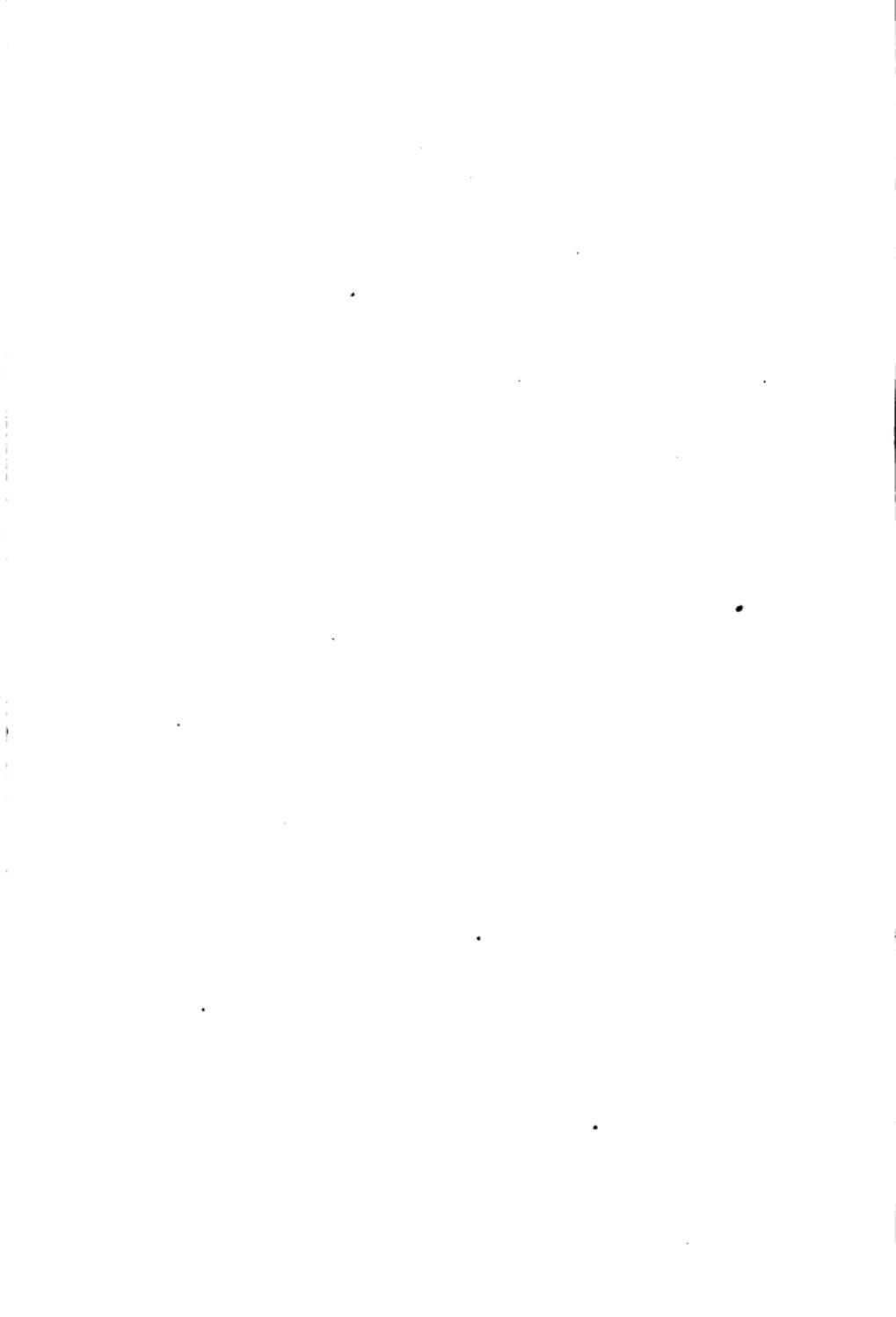


## BOOK OF HAFIS.

---

LET the word be called the bride,  
The bridegroom the spirit :  
He has seen them thus allied  
Who knows Hafis' merit.

“Thou foolish Hafis ! Say do churls  
Know the worth of Oman's pearls ?  
Give the gem which dims the moon  
To the noblest, or to none.”



## BOOK OF HAFIS.<sup>1</sup>

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### SURNAME.

#### POET.

M OHAMMED SCHEMS-ED-DIN, say,  
Why thy people, the elect,  
Called thee Hafis?

#### HAFIS.

My respect  
Answer makes to thee straightway.  
Since my memory sets store on  
Holding all the sacred Koran,  
So that the unalter'd verses  
Keep from daily ills and curses  
Me and all who prize the Prophet,  
And his chapter's sacred claim :  
Therefore gave they me that name.

#### POET.

Hafis, therefore 'tis my merit  
Not to be in rank thy second :

If we mate another's spirit  
 Equal to him are we reckon'd.  
 Full thy peer am I, for blessed  
 Likeness of our holy pages  
 Is upon me well impressed,  
 As the Lord's face in past ages  
 On that Cloth of cloths was taken ;  
 So my peace remains unshaken,  
 Spite of hindrance and of spoiling,  
 'Tis my cheer and my assoiling.

INDICTMENT.<sup>2</sup>

**K**NOW ye then for whom the devils lurk  
 Walls and rocks among, in places murk,  
 Watching for the nick of time, their prey  
 To gobble up and hellward bear away ?  
 Liars are they and the sorts of knaves.

Wherfore is it that the poet braves,  
 Mixes too with people such as they !  
 Knows he then with whom he goes and wanders,  
 He who ever in a madness ponders ?  
 By a boundless Self, to selfhood given,  
 Forth into the desert is he driven ;  
 There in sand a sweet complaint he traces  
 That the wind straight overhears and chases ;



He does not comprehend the strain,  
Nor what he says will he maintain.

Yet forsooth his song must aye be bitted,  
Since it is not to the Koran fitted.  
Teach us, then, ye sages of the law,  
Highly learn'd in every pious saw,  
What plain duties of the Faithful are.

Chief does Hafis' scandal-making jar,  
Mirza too sends souls to the Unknown :  
Say what to do and what to let alone.

FETWA.<sup>3</sup>

**A**LL the open truths are told by Hafis,  
His the poet-trait that deeply grave them ;  
Still, a trifle here and there we reckon  
Where the limits of the Law he passes.  
Would'st thou safely go, have wit about thee  
Poison-bag and theriac to distinguish.  
First of all, to keep the soul from straying  
Be thou blithe and bold to risk pure pleasure  
And control it with a lofty handling ;  
Next, be thou discreet to waive excesses  
That lay out a road to pain eternal.  
This for us the poor Ebusuud wrote,  
Rest his soul — be all his sins forgiven.

## GERMAN THANKS.

**E**BUSUUD the holy, thou hast hit it !  
 Such the sanctities the poet wishes ;  
 Just those trifles we impute to Hafis,  
 When the limits of the Law he passes,  
 Are the motions of a vein ancestral  
 That in dole itself preserves him merry.  
 To the poet, poison-bag and theriac  
 Must appear to be one as the other.  
 There 's no death in that, in this no healing ;  
 For the true life is that everlasting  
 Innocence of action, so demeaning  
 That it harms itself alone, if any.  
 The old Poet then may hope with reason  
 To be welcom'd as a youth transfigured  
 Into Paradise by all the Houris.  
 Ebusuud the holy, thou hast hit it !

## FETWA.

**M**ISRI'S poems once the Mufti took,  
 Read them one by one, to note their claim,  
 Then deliberate threw them in the flame :  
 Went to nothing the fair-letter'd book.

Spake the lofty judge : 'Tis thus I show it—  
 Burnt be every one who speaks like this,  
 Misri alone excepted be from bliss ;  
 For Allah gave his gift to every poet.  
 Misusing it in traffic of his vices,  
 Let him expect desert at God's assizes.

## UNBOUNDED.

**H**OW great it makes thee that thou endest not,  
 And never to begin—that is thy lot.  
 Thy song is circling like the vault of flame,  
 End and beginning evermore the same,  
 And what the centre brings to pass is clear  
 What was at first, what will at last appear.

True poet-fountain of delight thou art,  
 And waves on waves unnumber'd from thee start.  
 Mouth ever ready for a kiss,  
 A lovely flowing bosom-song,  
 For wine an ever rash abyss,  
 A heart that pours itself along.

And though the whole world sink to night,  
 Hafis, with thee, alone with thee  
 Will I compete ! Let both delight

And pain to us twin-brothers be !  
 To love and wine I 'll be defied  
 By thee, it is my life and pride.

Breathe out, my song, thy spirit pure,  
 Thou too art older, thou art newer.

### IMITATION.

**M**AY I grow wonted in thy art of rhyming,  
 Thy way it shall delight me to restore,  
 My sense with words the fittest for it timing,  
 Nor echo with a measure used before,  
 But let to each a special sense be chiming ;  
 For thus, O favored one, didst thou of yore.

And as a spark is able to set blazing  
 Imperial towns, set flames in wildness roaring  
 To glow abroad with winds, their own winds raising,  
 The spark meantime has gone, to heaven soaring,  
 So forth from thee a glow eternal started  
 To make a German kindle freshly hearted.

When the thoughts with rhythms fit are gifted,  
 Talent revels in a happy task,  
 Yet how quickly they repel if lifted  
 There 's no sense beneath the hollow mask :

Out of its glad mood the soul has drifted  
 If it fails, when living forms impend,  
 To make of the dead form a happy end.

---

Hafis, what most rash of fancies  
 With thee to compete !  
 Yet the ship on ocean dances,  
 Rushes by so fleet,  
 Feels the wind its sail enhances ;  
 Brave and proud the ship,  
 If it meet the wave's mischances  
 Swims a rotten chip.  
 In thy song the light, swift fancies  
 Move in gentle flow,  
 But anon a fire-wave prances,  
 Swallows me its glow !  
 Yet a lucky notion chances  
 To embolden me ;  
 I have too 'neath sun-land's glances  
 Lived and loved like thee.

## OPEN SECRET.

**T**HEY have called thee, holy Hafis,  
 Poet of the mystic tongue,  
 But not one of these word-scholars  
 From that word its sense hath wrung.

Thou dost pass with them for mystic,  
 Since 'tis folly that they claim  
 To be thy meaning ; thus their muddy  
 Wine retailing in thy name.

As they cannot understand thee  
 Mystic-clear thou art indeed,  
 Thou, the blest, and yet not pious !  
 That they never will concede.

#### HINT.

**Y**EET they are right whom I upbraid ;  
 There need no argument be made  
 That just the word alone is stale.  
 Speech is a fan ; the sticks between,  
 A pair of glances must be seen ;  
 The fan is but a handsome veil,  
 Behind it is the face concealed,  
 And yet the maiden is revealed,  
 Since, chiefest grace she has, her eye  
 Lightens to mine a clear reply.

#### TO HAFIS.

**T**O thee what all would have is shown ;  
 Who understands it better ?  
 For longing holds, from clod to throne,  
 Us all in strictest fetter.

Such joy succeeds the early ache,  
 Who ever can resist it ?  
 And though his neck one man may break,  
 The rest have still persisted.

So pardon, since thou know'st the cause  
 Of my presuming fancies,  
 Whene'er the passing cypress,<sup>4</sup> draws  
 To follow her my glances.

Like rootlet slips her foot so whist  
 And courts the ground and presses,  
 Her greeting melts like stain of mist,  
 Her breath like East-caresses.

There seizes us a soft surmise  
 From curls on curls grown crisper  
 Till they to fullest chestnut rise,  
 Then in the breezes whisper.

And now her face is dawning clear  
 Thy heart therewith to burnish ;  
 Then dawns thy song so true and dear  
 To house the soul and furnish.

And when her daintier lips would frame  
 Thy dainty verses better,  
 At once thy freedom they proclaim  
 To clap on thee a fetter.

The breath will no more back again ;  
 One soul the other binding,  
 Into thy luck a viewless strain,  
 An odor-waft is winding.

Thou hast, when fierce the moment burns,  
 To thy cup-bearer beckon'd ;  
 He runs, thou graspest, he returns,  
 The first time and the second.

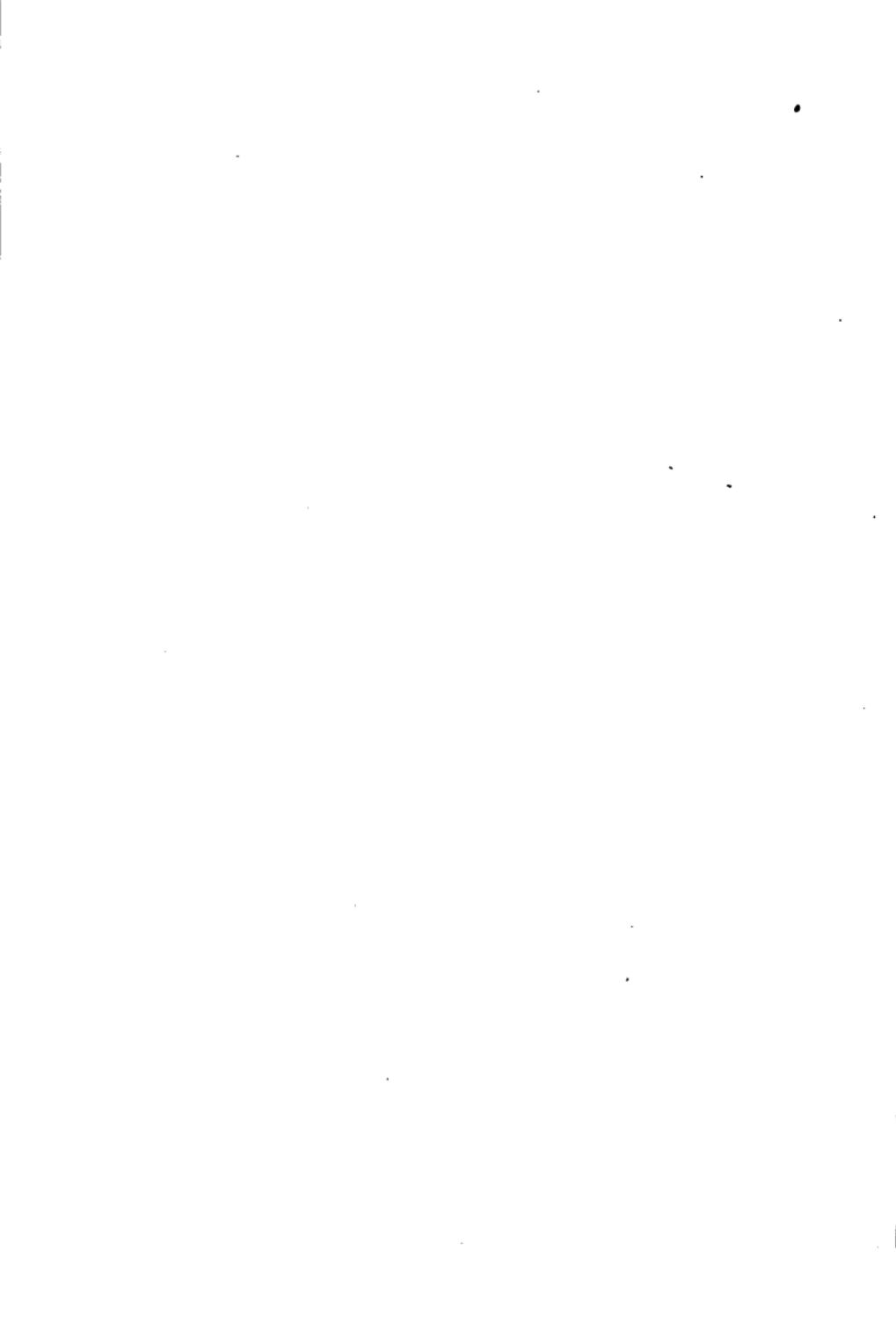
His eye is bright, his heart is tense  
 With hope to hear thy teaching,  
 To know thee in thy highest sense  
 When wine thy soul is reaching.

The worlds throw wide to him their room,  
 With rest and order wooing,  
 A swelling breast and downy bloom  
 Return, his youth renewing.

And when no secret's hid from thee  
 The heart and world can reckon,  
 Thou dost all thinkers glad and free  
 Into thy meaning beckon.

That from the throne a princely horde  
 May never disappear,  
 The Shah thou givest a good word,  
 And givest the Vizier.

All this thou know'st and sing'st to-day,  
Wilt sing again to-morrow:  
Thou 'rt friendly guidance on our way  
Through life's attemper'd sorrow.



## BOOK OF LOVE.

---

SAY to me,  
What is my heart's dream ?

My heart is with thee ;  
Hold it in esteem.



## BOOK OF LOVE.

---

### MASTER-PATTERNS.<sup>1</sup>

**M**Y verse discovers  
Six pairs of lovers.  
Fuel to love word-sketches of two,  
Rustan and Rodawu.  
Unknown to each, so near, so far,  
Jussuph and Suleiká.  
Love without what love doth win,  
Ferhad and Schirin.  
Such too as lovers are  
Medschnun and Leila.  
Lover's eyes of Dschemil saw  
Youth in grizzled Boteinah.  
Whim as fine as any yet,  
Solomon and the brunette !  
Hast thou marked these well,  
Thou wilt in love excel.

## ANOTHER PAIR.

**L**OVE truly is a famous trade !  
 In what is finer profit made ?  
 Thou art not mighty, hast no hoard,  
 Art equal to the greatest lord.  
 As soon of Asra and Wamik  
 As of the famous prophets speak ;  
 Not speak, indeed, but merely name,  
 Their names announce to all a fame.  
 What deeds were theirs, what businesses,  
 That no man knows ! We know but this,—  
 They loved. All other words are weak  
 In speech of Asra and Wamik.

READING-BOOK.<sup>2</sup>

**W**ONDERFULLEST book of books  
 Is the book of Love ;  
 With intent have I perused it :  
 Few the leaves of pleasure,  
 Whole brochures of sorrow,  
 Separation fills a section.  
 And reunion ! A small chapter,  
 Fragmentary. Tomes of trouble,  
 With examples each protracted,

Endless, without stint.  
 O Nisami !— Still, at last  
 Thou didst find the right direction :  
 The insoluble, who solves it ?  
 Lovers who resume each other.

---

There were eyes, there was a mouth so tender,  
 Those for glances, that for kisses.  
 Form so round and hips so slender,  
 Fit for Paradise's blisses.  
 Was she there — and whither away ?  
 She it was, nor says me nay,  
 Has bestowed herself in fleeing,  
 And enfettered all my being.

## WARNED.

I TOO, willing, have been caught  
 In the tresses' snaring,  
 And so, Hafis, as with thee,  
 With thy friend 'twas faring.

Weft of slender hairs they plait ;  
 'Tis a helm they borrow  
 Under which to subjugate,  
 Know we to our sorrow.

Thus to let their wile constrain  
Second thought refuses :  
He who dreads a heavy chain  
Runs in lighter nooses.

## ABANDONED.

**L**OCKS crisping on a head so round ! —  
And if I may through such a wealth of hair,  
Hither, with both hands full, and thither, fare,  
To very bottom of my heart I 'm sound.  
At once am healed, at once receive a wound  
When eyes and mouth the kisses do not spare.  
Where goes the five-tooth'd comb in these caresses !  
Soon finds its way back to the tresses.  
Nor do the ears decline the play,  
They are not flesh, they are not skin,  
So dainty for the sport are they !  
The fingers wander out and in,  
Would fain in such a wealth of hair  
To and fro for ever fare.  
So once and often didst thou too,  
Hafis, as we the deed renew.

**HESITATION.**

**O**F the emeralds must I prattle  
Which thy comely fingers suit?  
Sometimes is a word in season,  
Oft 'tis better to be mute.

I would say, then : green the color  
Is a solace to the eye !  
I will not say — scar and sorrow  
To be dreaded are near by.

Dost insist ? Well, take and read it, —  
Why dost practise such control ! —  
“ Equal to thy emerald’s solace  
Is the peril from thy soul.”

---

Darling, what though songs must venture  
From the free and frolic clime  
Of their sky-land, to be prison’d  
In the rigid bonds of time !  
Other things to time surrender,  
Songs alone themselves sustain :  
Every line like love, as tender,  
Shall immortally remain.

Each hour with me there 's something wrong !  
The life is short, the day is long.  
And ever sighs itself away  
The heart, if heavenward, who can say ?  
To and fro 'tis ever sped,  
As if before itself it fled :  
To a dear bosom it repairs,  
And rests in heaven unawares :  
The life-whirl snatches it at will,  
Round in one place it circles still ;  
Whate'er its wishes, losses, gains,  
At last its own fool it remains.

## COLD COMFORT.

I SOBBED and wept at midnight  
Because deprived of thee.  
Then there came night-phantoms,  
And I was ashamed.  
Ye night-phantoms, said I,  
Sobbing and weeping,  
Ye discover me, whom once  
Ye did pass, left sleeping.  
Great the treasure that I miss.  
Think not the worse of me  
Whom ye once called prudent ;  
A great evil hits him ! —

And the midnight phantoms,  
With long countenances,  
Sweeping past,  
Were no atom cumbered  
About my sense or folly.

## SATISFIED.

“**A** FOOLISH fancy it will prove  
That thou possessest her through love.  
Of flattery she takes her fill :  
I must confess, 'twould suit me ill.”

## POET.

On any terms am I content !  
Let it serve for my excuse,  
A free gift love must ever be,  
And homage is in flattery.

GREETING.<sup>8</sup>

**O**H, how blessed was it  
In the country roving  
Where Hoopoe flits along the way.  
In rocks I sought the fossil

Muscles of the ancient main ;  
 Hoopoe flew across,  
 His crest expanding,  
 Taking airs in teasing fashion,  
 Over the dead bantering  
 The living.  
 Hoopoe, said I, forsooth  
 A famous bird art thou.  
 Hasten, then, Hoopoe,  
 To the Beloved, hurry,  
 Unto her announcing  
 I belong to her :  
 For thou hast already  
 Betwixt Solomon  
 And the Queen of Sheba  
 Played the go-between.

---

Hoopoe spake : One of her glances  
 Did the whole to me confide,  
 I am ever by your chances,  
 As I once was, edified.  
 All through nights that separated,  
 Stars thy love have letter'd plain,  
 That with strengths eternal mated  
 Lustrous may it still remain.

Hoopoe on the twig as warner,  
In the corner,  
Perches ogling, how *charmant!*  
And is ever vigilant.

---

Fair and costly is the present,  
Well unriddled its request :  
That a kiss was on it pressed  
Just a bit uncertain is.  
Ought not that to be sent after ?  
What he coy forbore the seizing,  
Though to her it might be pleasing !  
Hoopoe, go and publish this.

## RESIGNATION.

“ **D**OEST pine, yet canst so freshly greet me,  
Consum’st thyself, yet singest fair ? ”

## POET.

Love so badly doth entreat me !  
And I ’m willing to declare  
That with heavy heart I sing.  
Yes, but see the candles fling  
Steady brightness while they wear.

---

Love's trouble sought a place apart,  
 To be right waste and solitary ;  
 So, soon it found my desert heart,  
 And nested in the empty eyrie.

## NO HELP FOR IT.

**W**HOO can constrain the birdlings  
 To be mute when flowers appear,  
 Or who the sheep prohibit  
 To wince beneath the shear ?

Do I behave unruly  
 At the twitching of my wool ?  
 The grimaces are the shearer's,  
 Who subdues me at each pull.

Who will prevent me singing  
 Up to the skies my bliss,  
 To all the clouds confiding  
 How dear the mistress is !

## SECRET.

**A**T the eyes of my beloved  
 All the people stand astonished :  
 I, the knowing one, however,  
 What it means am well admonished.

This it means, that I just love her,  
 And not this nor that one yonder.  
 Only spare me, then, good people,  
 All your itching and your wonder.

Yes, she sweeps with mighty glances  
 All around ; but mine the greeting,  
 For she seeks but to convey me  
 Hint of the next happy meeting.

## SECRETEST.

“**B**USY are we gossip-hunters,  
 With an ardor unabated,  
 To spy out who is your mistress,  
 And to whom she is related.

“We observe that thou art smitten,  
 This to thee concede with pleasure ;  
 But 'tis hard for us to credit  
 Thee she loves in equal measure.”

Seek her, sirs, there 's naught to hinder ;  
 Only listen,—if ye knew her,  
 Oh, 'twere shocking ! but, not knowing,  
 How with doting ye pursue her !

Know ye how Schehâb-ed-dîn<sup>4</sup>  
Dropped on Arafat his mantle?  
Lovers leave alone, permitting  
Each his love affair to handle.

If thy name is ever spoken  
In the presence of the monarch,  
Or before the much beloved,  
'Tis to thee a costly token.

So 'twas Medschnun's sharpest sorrow  
When he thought death's moment came,  
That thenceforth, before his Leila,  
No one should repeat his name.

## BOOK OF REFLECTIONS.

---

“ SUCH a noon as Thought has made !  
In my soul no spot of shade ;  
Least and greatest lying plain,  
Hope of mystery was vain.

“ Would you mystery receive,  
And in miracle believe,  
Wading out until some sea  
Lifts the heart and sets it free ?

“ Then let Thought be shod with air,  
Put on Daylight for its wear,  
Colorless and limpid laws :  
In them stars and twilights pause.”



## BOOK OF REFLECTIONS.

---

**L**ET the counsel of the lyre be heard ;  
But thy genius must be that which hears.  
Scorn awaits the happiest word,  
If the listener have wry ears.  
What, then, says the lyre ? Sounds clear and wide,  
The fairest is not aye the finest bride ;  
Yet would we count thee comrade of our mind,  
The Fairest to be Best hope thou to find.

## FIVE THINGS.

**F**IVE things there are which cannot breed five more ;  
For this high doctrine keep an open door.  
The haughty breast can never nurse a friend ;  
Meanness has peers whose manners cannot mend ;  
True honor's place a scoundrel cannot win ;  
Grudge has no pity for a naked skin ;  
The liar is not paid in loyalty :  
Hold fast : let no one filch this faith from thee.

## FIVE MORE.

**W**HAT shortens time for me ?  
 Activity !

What lengthens every tense ?  
 Indolence !

What plunges in arrears ?  
 Waiting and fears !

Whence profits spring ?  
 Short wavering !

What brings desert ?  
 Yourself assert !

---

Dear the maiden's glance that sets thee hoping,  
 Drinker's look delightful, before toping ;  
 Greeting of a master who can rule thee,  
 Latter sunshine when the autumns cool thee.  
 Finer than all this, observe how greedy  
 For thy little gifts the hand that 's needy,  
 Handsome with its grateful hurry, stretches  
 Taking, doubling what the giver fetches.  
 What a look ! What speech in its endeavor !  
 View it rightly, thou 'lt be giving ever.

---

Then the dead text in the Book<sup>1</sup>  
By your heart rewritten liveth :  
One doth cherish as himself  
Every soul to whom he giveth.  
Let the pennies freely stir,  
Piles of lucre are but chaff,  
Hasten gladly to prefer  
Day's love to an epitaph.

---

Riding by a smith thou canst not tell  
When sometime he 'll shoe a horse for thee ;  
Sweetheart for thee haply shelters well  
Cottage roof thou passest carelessly ;  
Meet a youth of valorous brow,  
Some day he 'll prevail or thou.  
Of the vine-stock thou canst safely say  
'Twill ripen good for thee some day.  
If thus thou art on terms with fate,  
The rest of it I'll not relate.

---

Always respect the greeting of a stranger !  
Than old friend's greeting it may more avail.  
Let few words pass, then say to each, Farewell !  
Thou to the east, he westward, path by path.  
If unexpected after many years  
Your way shall cross, let each cry gladly out,  
'Tis he ! yes, just as if so many days,  
Land or sea-faring, and the sun's returns

Had never gone between to make you meet.  
 Now barter ware for ware, divide your gains !  
 And let old trust a new alliance frame.  
 Worth many thousand is the first good word :  
 Therefore each friendly greeting greet thou back.

---

Much have people of thy failings  
 To each other told,  
 And they took for such retailings  
 Trouble manifold.  
 Rumor of thy goodness people  
 Should to thee have told,  
 Hinting friendly how to cast it  
 Still in better mould :  
 Oh, I knew ; itself the Best  
 Did not from me withhold ;  
 Good that seldom has a guest,  
 Very few, all told.  
 Since at length I am their Teacher,  
 Spite of all was told,  
 Penance good for every creature  
 When he errs I hold.

---

Knowledge in the market cries,  
 And the eager passer buys.  
 Homeward come and leave the roar,  
 Would you learn love's building lore.

Art thou running far and near  
Much to know and much to hear,  
Listen at another gate  
For the wit of older date.  
Would'st thou have the Right in thee,  
Feel in God what 's right to be :  
Spirits lighted at love's skies  
Will the dear God recognize.

---

To be so honest was  
My life's mistake,  
Years long it put in me  
Worst of heart-ache :  
I thrave and did not thrive, —  
Nothing preferr'd me ;  
Then to become a rogue  
Quick I bestirred me.  
With me that went but ill,  
Torture and wrest ;  
Then thought I, after all  
Straightness is best,  
Be it ever so tedious :  
It must be confessed.

---

Do not ask which gate admits thee  
Faring hither to God's town,  
Find the quiet place that fits thee,  
There contented settle down.

Look around then for the sages,  
 For the masters who command,  
 Knowledge those will pay for wages,  
 These will steel thy gift and hand.

When thus self-contained and tempered  
 Hast lived faithful to the State,  
 Know that many will admire thee,  
 And not one will care to hate.

And the Prince will see 'tis fealty  
 That maintains thy deeds alive ;  
 Then the new thing past a question,  
 Rooted next the old will thrive.

---

From whence came I ? A question still to ask :  
 By what pathway, to that no one attends :  
 But now and here, when days in heaven bask,  
 Sorrow and joy each other meet as friends.  
 Oh sweet success when both are federate !  
 How lonesome laughter, tears, without a mate !

---

One after one we slip away,  
 One before one for ever ;  
 Then let us foot through every day,  
 Brisk, bold, and clever.  
 It hinders when side-glances fall  
 To roses' glance replying,

But grimdest hinderers of all  
Are hours that take to lying.

---

Dealing with women, be circumspect !  
From a crooked rib her shape she takes,  
God could not make her quite erect.  
If thou would'st bend her, then she breaks :  
If let alone, she 's more perverse ;  
What can be, dear old Adam, worse ?  
Dealing with women, be circumspect ;  
To a broken rib most men object.

---

Life is a sorry jest and flat :  
One misses this, one misses that.  
Not little, or too much, the claim,  
And knack and luck are in the game.  
In each one's plan mischances thrust,  
Has not his will but what he must,  
At length smug heirs without a doubt  
Sir Cannot-Willnot carry out.

---

In single file<sup>2</sup> goes every soul :  
The more we forward carry,  
The sooner come we to the goal  
Where none is pleased to tarry.

---

They think the geese are void of mind :  
Trust not the folk that say it !  
From time to time one looks behind  
To notice how I play it.

Far other is it in the world,  
 Where each one forward prances,  
 A trip, and to the ground you 're hurled,  
 And no soul backward glances.

---

“The years have robbed thee of so much, dost say?  
 Of every sense the edge and proper play,  
 The dearest toys remembered of the past,  
 The range elate through countries far and vast,  
 Avails no more; nor when the monarch graces  
 A recognized desert, nor all the praises  
 That once exalted. And no more delight  
 Upsprings from doing, fails the daring flight!  
 Dost mean I can impute no other vein?”

Enough for me! Idea and Love remain!

---

On a time to Erfurt going,  
 Often once perambulated,  
 After years so many flowing  
 Found that I was tolerated.

From the shops the ancient women  
 Sent the old man pleasant greeting,  
 Till it seemed again the young time  
 Spent with every pretty sweeting.

That was once the baker's daughter,  
The shoemaker's over yonder,  
Owls by no means either of them,  
Life they used, and did not squander.

So let us compete with Hafis,  
Constant like him to the last,  
With the present be delighted,  
And in it enjoy the past.

---

Near the sage preserve a place,  
Safe it is in every case !  
Canst not clear thy tangled mind,  
Straight the knotted place he 'll find :  
Dost thou hit a matter true,  
He will give the praise that 's due.

---

The generous is cheated,  
The niggardly defeated,  
Clear-headed made distraught,  
Quick-witted sent to nought,  
The flinty one cajoled,  
The blockhead badly sold :  
Now o'er this lie have sway,  
Let the betrayed betray !

---

He will praise who doth employ thee,  
 And another time will blame,  
 Art thou true, 'twill not annoy thee,  
 Thou wilt reckon both the same.

Say he praises what is slightest,  
 Blames too where he ought to praise,  
 Only keep a heart the lightest,  
 He at length will test thy ways.

So your Highness like your subject  
 Toward God this style maintains,  
 Does and suffers as it happens,  
 Only his good cheer sustains.

#### TO SCHAH SEDSCHAN AND HIS PEER.\*

**T**HROUGH all the clash and throng  
 Of tribes of Iran,  
 Undaunted goes our song  
 Thee to environ !  
 Our life is glad and strong  
 In thee, and able,  
 Thy life continue long,  
 Thy kingdom stable.

**BEST OF LUCK.<sup>4</sup>**

**L**AWELESS as I was did I  
Master and my match discover,  
And thus tamed as years went by,  
Mistress too did I discover.  
Nor of testing did they spare  
My uprightness to discover,  
So have treasured me with care,  
As the prize they did discover :  
No one can two masters serve  
And his luck in it discover :  
Lord and mistress do not swerve,  
Glad that they did me discover,  
Therefore shines my lucky star  
That I did them both discover.

---

Through many countries have I been,  
All sorts of men in crowds have seen,  
In every nook and corner sought,  
Each bush to me a nut has brought ;  
Such blessed towns none e'er espied,  
Houris on Houris, bride on bride.

FIRDUSI<sup>5</sup> SPEAKS.

O WORLD ! how shameless and mischievous thou !  
To nourish and rear us but only to slay.

---

He who is favored by Allah alone,  
Can nourish and foster himself, rich and gay.

---

But what makes an estate ? A warming sun,  
Just like the beggar we enjoy that prize ;  
And not one child of Mammon can despise  
The beggar's blessed whim that he is one.

DSCHELÂL-ED-DÎN RUMI<sup>6</sup> SPEAKS.

A RT tarrying in the world, a dream it flows,  
Art travelling, thy range doth fate dispose :  
Thou hast no power to fetter heat nor cold,  
And what blooms for thee hastens to grow old.

## SULEIKA SPEAKS.

T HE mirror tells me I am fair ;  
Ye tell me, even I must timeworn be.  
In God all things for ever wear :  
Love Him, the passing moment, then, in me.

## BOOK OF ILL-HUMOR.

---

“BARD, when thee would Allah teach,  
And lift thee to his holy mount,  
He sends thee from his bitter fount  
Wormwood, saying, Go thy ways,  
Drink not the Malaga of praise,  
But do the deed thy fellows hate,  
And compromise thy peaceful state.”

“Never, son of eastern morning,  
Follow falsehood, follow scorning.  
Denounce who will, who will deny,  
And pile the hills to scale the sky ;  
Let theist, atheist, pantheist,  
Define and wrangle how they list,”

“Heed not what the brawlers say.”

EMERSON.



## BOOK OF ILL-HUMOR.<sup>1</sup>

---

"**H**OW didst thou ever get it?  
Where hast thou ever met it?  
How out of all life's plunder  
Didst thou procure this wonder  
Of pith so fleet for firing  
The flicker just expiring?"

Do not with surmise darkle,—  
'Tis not a common sparkle;  
Upon unmeasur'd spaces  
Where stars are the oases,  
Not straying nor belated  
I was as new created.

On waves of fleeces riding,  
The mountain tops o'ertiding,  
By solemn shepherds tended  
Who thriftily befriended,

Such people, glad and peaceful,  
Each one to me was easeful.

In shuddering nights belated,  
By ambushed hordes awaited ;  
The camel's heavy panting,  
The vaporing and flaunting  
Of all the drivers, blended,  
The ear and soul suspended.

Yet longer grew the travel  
The distance to unravel,  
And all our stir and seeing  
Appeared a constant fleeing,  
Blue, o'er the wastes in motion,  
The streak-mirage of ocean.

---

Find me one of all the rhymers  
Does not think himself the best ;  
Not a fiddler but would rather  
Play his own tunes than the rest.

And of these I 'm not a scorner :  
Proper due to others giving  
We must vote ourselves less honor.  
Do we live, if those are living ?

Into ante-chambers going  
Found the same, where folks philander  
With not wit enough for knowing  
Dirt of mice from coriander.

All the stumps of brooms reputing  
Ill of brooms that sweep the floor ;  
These, so lusty, not computing  
What brave brooms have been before.

And if men in parties sever  
To despise each other keener,  
Neither side can notice ever  
That it wears the same demeanor.

And this boorish self-respecting  
Have those very people rated,  
Who are slowest at detecting  
How another's worth is weighted.

---

Germans with their friendship  
Are too ready quite,  
Bitterest of foe-ship  
Still can be polite ;  
The softer they received me,  
Fresher grew my spite ;  
But no gloom aggrieved me  
In morning or twilight.

Let the tide be flowing,  
Flowing sad or bright,  
And with either showing  
Kept in best of plight :  
All loved to be baited  
With the hour's delight,  
Them I never rated,—  
Each must have his bite :  
They greeted me, and hated  
To death with all their might.

---

If a man is free from ails,  
Straight to vex him runs the neighbor ;  
One whose quality prevails  
Fain with stones they would belabor.  
But if once he 's fairly dead,  
There begins a spendthrift giving  
For a shaft above his head,  
Trophy of his bitter living ;  
But then at reckoning up its debt  
The mob is very clever :  
It were thriftier to forget  
The good man for ever.

---

This old world is ever nursing  
Snobs with consequential rages ;  
'Tis all one to me conversing  
With the tyrants, with the sages.

Since I found the narrow-minded  
 With the loudest brag would drive us,  
 And their brothers, the self-blinded,  
 Of our eyes would fain deprive us,

Wise and simpleton together  
 Have I left, for neither pleases,—  
 One has too sedate a weather,  
 Other tears himself to pieces.

Force and good-will, I am thinking,  
 Must secure in us a meeting,  
 Make the sun a little blinking,  
 And the shadow give a heating.

Hafis, too, and Ulrich Hutten,<sup>2</sup>  
 Had to keep at bay excesses  
 Of the brown and blue-cowled gentry :  
 Mine go round in Christian dresses.

“ But who are the foes so bearish ? ”  
 Better not to specify ;  
 For already in the parish  
 Have I come to grief thereby.

---

To copy me, correct, misunderstand,  
 For fully fifty years have people striven ;  
 Methought then : learn by that how hast thou thriven,  
 How hast demeaned it in the Fatherland.

Hast blustered in thy time in genial rages  
With wild, demonic younker-hordes, high-flying,  
But year by year hast slowly been allying  
Thyself to souls serener, to the sages.

---

On the good if thou dost rest,  
Never will I blame thee ;  
Strivest thou toward the Best,  
It does not defame thee !  
Dost thou plant a quickset row  
To keep thy good secluded ?  
I live free, and live, I trow,  
Not at all deluded.

People on the whole are good,  
Would remain far better,  
Did not each the other's mood  
Copy to the letter.  
On the road is but one pace  
All of us to tether :  
Would we travel to a place,  
Well, we go together.

Here and there, as on we move,  
Much there is to thwart us ;  
No device to help in Love  
Ever comrade taught us.

Gold and glory each will want  
 Only for the spending ;  
 And the wine, the confidant,  
 Who sunders in the ending.

Hafis, too, has all this trash  
 In his verse redacted,  
 O'er each stupid trick and rash  
 Went his brains distracted.  
 And I see not it avails  
 Fleeing from the fashion :  
 Thou canst, when the worst assails,  
 Pull thy hair for passion.

---

Why pretend to force by phrasing<sup>8</sup>  
 What in silence only blows !  
 Mine to love the Good that 's Beauty  
 Just as out of God it grows.

Some one love I ; that is needful ;  
 None I hate ; must one be hated,  
 For that too can I be heedful,  
 Hate whole masses unabated.

Wouldst, however, know them nearer ?  
 Right and Wrong-ward cast your sight ;  
 To their fancy what is dearer,  
 Probably is not the Right.

One to comprehend the rightness,  
 From the root must live and be  
 But to tipple upon twaddle  
 Sorry business seems to me.

Oh, Sirs Splinterer and Crumpler,  
 Critics dry, may well agree  
 That Sir Weather-Blotcher shows us  
 What the highest ought to be.

Only be there for revival  
 Daily dram of something new,  
 Each pursuing his distraction  
 Be distracted through and through.

This our Native loves to weeping,  
 Writes he *Deutsch* with *D* or *T*,  
 And sets song to homely cheeping :  
 Thus it was, 'twill ever be.

---

Medschnun<sup>4</sup> means — I will not claim  
 It means Madman altogether ;  
 Still I 'm Medschnun : do not blame  
 Me to think it quite a feather.

When the breast sincerely teeming  
 Pours for your behoof, and travails,  
 Quick ! he 's crazy to our seeming !  
 Tie him ! these your cries and cavils.

When at length you see in fetters  
How the sage and prophet languish,  
To perceive it nothing betters,  
Like fire-nettles is your anguish.

## THUS I DO.

WAS it ever of my leading  
That you made a war so rude ?  
Did I scold your whole proceeding,  
When a peace you would conclude ?

So I look on without passion  
As his net the fisher throws,  
And watch the smart joiner fashion,  
Nor his rule to him propose.

But ye, what *I* know would know better !  
*I*, who pondered all alone  
How prompt Nature made me debtor,  
Giving to me all I own.

Do you feel a fellow-vigor,  
Further, then, your own concern !  
Would you judge my works with rigor,  
Thus he does — is first to learn.

## WANDERER'S COMPOSURE.

**A**T the shabby spirit  
No one need complain :  
It has a mighty merit  
Whatever folks maintain.

Upon Evil thriving  
Reaches high report,  
With the Right contriving  
After its own sort.

What to Wanderer would inure  
Scurviness resisting ?  
Leave the wind and the manure  
Powdering and twisting.

## EACH FOR HIMSELF.

**W**HO would of the world require  
What its dreams cannot procure it ?  
Ever from the day's real day  
Backward, sideward looks allure it.  
Your endeavor, your good will  
Limps behind the others' living ;  
Praise that thou hast sought for years,  
When thou dost need it less, they 're giving.

## SELF-PRAISE NO FLATTERY.

**T**O praise one's self is a defect,  
 But no one whose desert it is refrains ;  
 And though dissembles not one's self-respect,  
 Still Goodness ever good remains.

Then leave, ye simpletons, the pleasure  
 To wise ones, who are wise in this,  
 They let waste, fools as ye are, without measure,  
 The world's insipid flatteries.

## TRADITION.

**I**F the lips take ears to school,  
 Thinkest thou there 's solid gain ?  
 This transmitting, O thou fool,  
 Is a cobweb of the brain !  
 Only by the living mind  
 Thou already hast forsaken  
 For dead lips, canst thou be shaken  
 Loose from all the whims that bind.

---

British phlegm or Gallic prattle,  
 Tuscan lapse or Teuton burr,  
 'Tis all one, for all the cattle  
 Their own selfishness prefer.

For there is no recognition  
    Of the Many or the Few,  
If the day's without provision  
    Bringing knacks of each to view.

Let the Bad but steal or borrow  
    Room and favor of to-day,  
Right may freely have to-morrow :  
    Now its friends are in the way.

He who knows not how to render  
    Upshot of three thousand years,  
Lives from hand to mouth, a spender,  
    Shiftless with his long arrears.

---

Once, when they the holy Koran cited,  
    Verse and chapter it sufficed to name ;  
And each Moslem thereto duly plighted,  
    Felt a calm respect his conscience frame.  
Modern Dervishes but ill propose,  
    Old things and new they chatter to their best :  
More bewildering each day it grows.  
    O holy Koran ! O eternal rest !

THE PROPHET SPEAKS.

WHOSO feels chagrin at God's bestowing  
Shelter, fortune upon Mahomet,  
Let him to his strongest timber going  
Put a stout noose over it to set  
His neck within and give himself a towing :  
When he feels it draw he 'll cease to fret.

TIMUR SPEAKS.

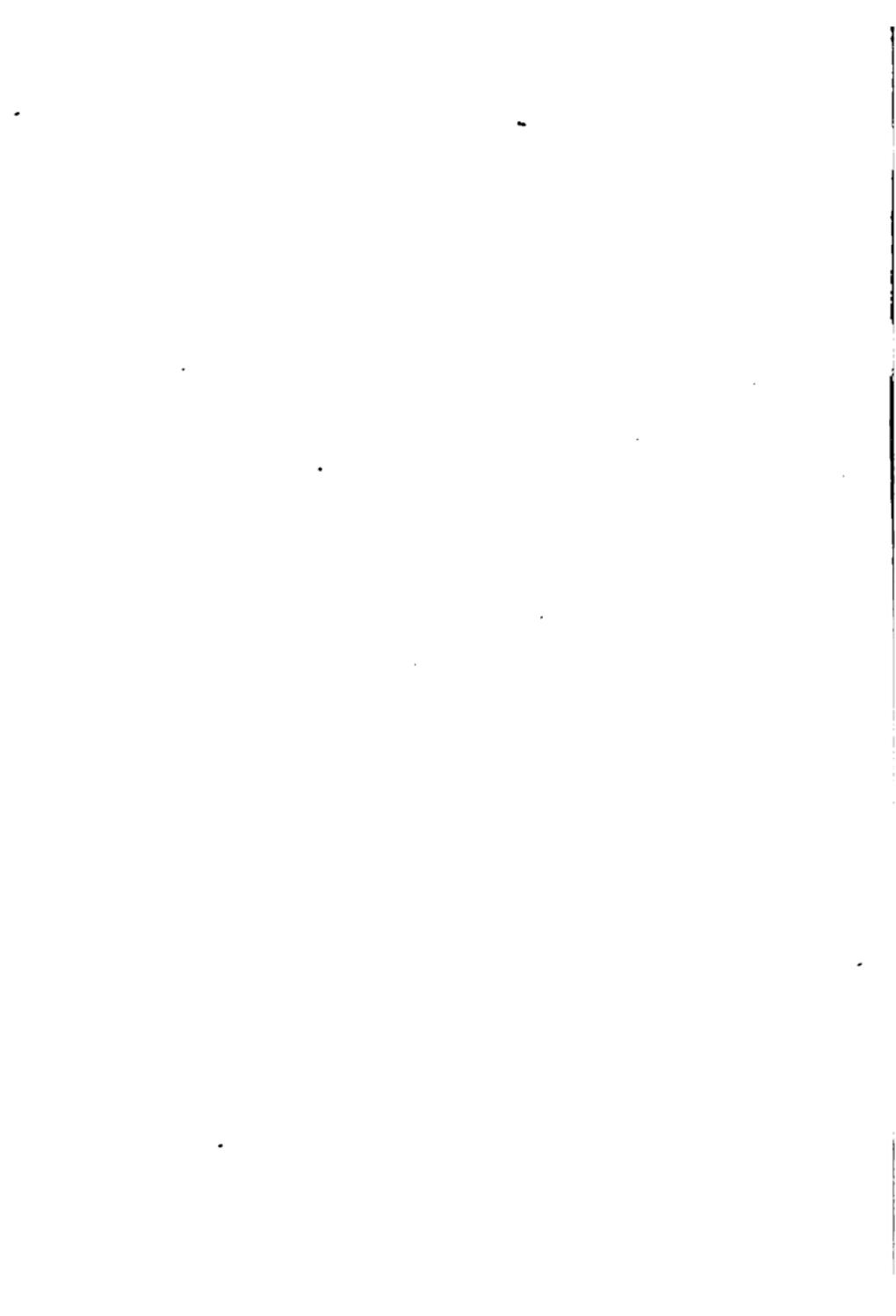
WHAT? lying priests, my virile storm  
Of over-might by you is hated !  
Had Allah meant me for a worm,  
As worm I should have been created.



## BOOK OF SAYINGS.

---

WISDOM "knoweth the subtleties of speeches, and can expound dark sentences. Therefore I purposed to take her to me to live with me. I shall be found of a quick conceit in judgment, and shall be admired in the sight of great men. When I hold my tongue they shall bide my leisure, and when I speak, they shall give good ear unto me : if I talk much they shall lay their hands upon their mouth."



## BOOK OF SAYINGS.

---

**T**ALISMANS I 'll scatter through the book,  
They to keep the balance trim.  
Who pricks with Orthodox needle, him  
Shall an apt word hail in every nook.<sup>1</sup>

---

Nought of the present day require,  
The present night,  
Save what did yesterday transpire.

---

Whoever is born in worst of days,  
Grown wonted, will the bad ones praise.

---

How ease may be gained,  
He knows who discovered and he who attained.

---

Ebbing, flowing, goes the ocean,  
The land cannot detain its motion.

---

Fortune will test thee till thy measures suit :  
Would have thee self-contained ! Then follow mute.

---

While it is day let man his work pursue :  
There comes the night when he no more can do.

---

Complete what you will, but the world is complete ;  
Computed each thing by the Maker discreet.  
He rattles the dice, — note the numbers they threw,  
They cast thee a path, now the journey pursue ;  
For nothing is altered by worry and fret,  
They plunge thee for ever in useless regret.

---

When the heavy-laden cry, —  
Hope and succor me deny !  
All the time a healing word  
Waits in friendship to be heard.

---

“ How awkwardly hast thou proceeded  
Since Fortune to thy dwelling came ! ”  
She does not seem it to have heeded,  
A brace of times returns the dame.

---

My inheritance how broad and how sublime !  
Time is my possession, my seed-field is Time.

---

Good perform in love of goodness purely !  
That commit to every vein !  
Through the children if it runneth poorly,  
For some grandchild 'twill remain.

---

Adept of heart profound, of grandest ways,  
Of highest intellect, Enweri, says,—  
In every time and place will profit thee  
Uprightness, judgment, and urbanity.<sup>2</sup>

---

Complainest thou of enemies ?  
Could they be friends and take thy part  
To whom the nature that thou art  
A still reproach for ever is ?

---

Nothing is stupider to bear  
Than when the stupid tell the wise  
That in great days of enterprise  
A meek demeanor they should wear.

---

If God so bad a neighbor were  
As I am and as thou art,  
Neither could claim to worth prefer :  
He leaves each one to play his part.

---

Agreed ! The poets of the Orient  
Are greater than we of the Occident.  
But there 's wherein we fully mate them,  
'Tis when we have our peers and hate them.

---

Each in every thing would topmost be,  
So through all the world it goes.

Each forsooth *may* topping be,  
But only in the thing he knows.

---

From Thy just anger, God, protect !  
Hedge-sparrows pipe and get respect.

---

Would envy be demolished quite,  
Leave it to eat its appetite.

---

One to keep himself respected  
Must bristly be all o'er.  
Every thing is chased by falcons,  
Excepting the wild-boar.

---

The tribe of parsons saw me  
Across their squint and spleen :  
If crookedly they draw me,  
I am not straightly seen.

---

He loves to name a hero and to prize  
Who himself has striven to be bold.  
No one human worth can recognize  
Who has not suffered heat and cold.

---

Good perform in love of goodness purely !  
What thou doest thou canst not engross :  
Couldst thou hold it thus securely,  
'Twould keep thy children rather close.

---

Lest thou shouldst find next door the vilest thief,  
Conceal thy gold, thy goings, thy belief.

---

How is it, that in every place is heard  
Such good to praise, such folly to contemn ?  
The youths repeat the ancientest word,  
And think, 'tis suitable for them.

---

Be not piqued by time nor chance  
To explaining and defending,  
Sages stoop to ignorance  
With the ignorant contending.

---

Wherefore is Truth so wide and far ?  
Or has it vanished down some burrow ?

In nick of time none ready are !  
If one perceived it ere the morrow,  
Truth would be near, and void of sorrow.

---

What — wilt thou undertake  
Whither thy bounty goes !  
Into the water cast thy cake :  
Who enjoyeth it, he knows.<sup>8</sup>

---

Once I put my foot upon a spider,  
And I thought, — are these comely ways ?

Is not God to both of us provider  
Of an interest in these days?

“The night is darksome, but with God there’s light.”  
Why has He left us, then, in this dim plight?

What a parti-colored party!  
At God’s table friends and foes are hearty.

Ye say that I’m a stingy man:  
Then give what I set flying can.

Would you the horizon see,  
You must climb the roof with me.

The mute with little care are plied:  
Beneath the tongue a man can hide.

A master with two drudges  
Will not be nicely kept.  
A house in which two women are  
Will be badly swept.

Dear witless people, still persist  
In saying, Autos epha! <sup>4</sup>  
Why should not man and wife insist,—  
So Adam says, and Eva.

What highest thanks to Allah should repair?  
 He keeps apart our knowledge and our woes.  
 For every invalid might well despair  
 Who knew his ailing as the doctor knows.

---

Each one is fool enough to praise  
 His own opinion, and promote it :  
 If *Islam* means, *to God devoted*,  
 All live and die in Islam's ways.

---

New-comers build anew, the old house scout ;  
 They go and leave it to another  
 Who with his planning makes a pothor,  
 And no one builds it out.

---

My house who enters may upbraid  
 What I through many years have made :  
 But he must pass before the gate  
 If I decline his estimate.

---

May this little house  
 Thy approval win,  
 One might build a greater  
 And nothing more within.

---

Let the house, its fame extending,  
 Be estate that cannot fail ;

Through the sons the sire descending  
In perpetual entail.

---

Thou always art secure,  
At large from people's mercies :  
Two friends, sorrowless and sure,  
A cup for wine, and book of verses.

---

" What yield that Lokmann <sup>5</sup> had, indeed,  
They called the ugly fellow ! "

The sweetness lies not in the reed,  
But all the pith is mellow.

---

Splendid has the Orient  
Across the Middle-Ocean sprung :  
Who loves Hafis's intent  
Knows what Calderon <sup>6</sup> has sung.

---

" One hand why dost thou garnish so,  
More than its dues allow it ? " <sup>7</sup>

What then would the left hand do  
If the right did not endow it ?

---

If toward Mecca one should drive  
Jesus' ass, no whit would he  
Better'd by the journey be ;  
Still an ass he would arrive.

---

Loose stuff flattened out  
Grows only broad, not stout.

But when with stress in rigid mould  
It is confined, a shape, behold :  
Thus granite came in Nature's way,  
And blocks thus made we call *Pisé*.<sup>8</sup>

---

Good souls, be not disturbed at evil !  
The saints well know the pupils of the devil, —  
True, but the teaching sets the pupil right,  
The manner of the good it brings to light.

---

“ Unthanked by thee what numbers still  
Remain who gave thee many a lift ! ”  
The mention does not make me ill,  
Alive my heart has every gift.

---

Preserve thyself in good repute  
For conning matters at the root ;  
Who forces more will force bad fruit.

---

The tide of passion sends its futile strife  
Gainst the unfounder'd, constant land :  
It throws poetic pearls upon the strand,  
And these are clear receipts of life.

---

Let no one commend a fetter,  
 Save he who knows that unconstraint is better :  
 Who works cheerily in the absurd  
 Is by it absurdly well preferred.

### THE FAMILIAR.

**T**HOU hast granted many a prayer,  
 Though looking for some ill to fall :  
 Little asks the good man there,  
 So the danger is but small.

### VIZIER.

Little asks the good man there :  
 As soon as I should grant his prayer  
 His sudden ruin would befall.

---

Pity that Truth so oft is fated  
 To be with Error implicated,  
 And often thus subserves her aim :  
 But who cares question the fair dame ?  
 For Madam Truth would show a flat defiance  
 If Master Error proffered flat alliance.

---

To sing and talk so many strive,  
 That my discontent will show it !  
 Poesy out of the world who drive ?  
 Every Poet !

## BOOK OF TIMUR.

---

WHAT the hammer, what the chain,  
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain ?  
What the anvil ? What dread grasp  
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see ?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

THE TIGER: WILLIAM BLAKE.



## BOOK OF TIMUR.<sup>1</sup>

---

### THE WINTER AND TIMUR.

CLOSED around them now the winter  
With impetuous choler : shedding  
Its ice-breath upon all creatures,  
It began perversely training  
The whole pack of winds upon them :  
Galloped over them despotic.  
All its hurricanes frost-rowelled,  
Through the plan of Timur galloped,  
Shrilled with threats at him, and spake thus :  
“Thou ill-fated, lightly, slowly  
Step — thou tyrant of injustice :  
Shall thy blazes any longer  
Scorch the hearts of men and shrivel ?  
Art thou one of the damn'd spirits ?  
Be it so ! I am the other.  
Thou and I, both of us hoary,  
So we stiffen lands and people.  
Art thou Mars, then ? I am Saturn,

Noxious sign among the planets,  
 Diresfullest of all the circle.  
 Thou dost kill the life, thou chillest  
 All the air ; but I have breezes,  
 Icier are they than thou canst be.  
 Thy wild hordes delight to torture  
 With a thousand pains the faithful :  
 But a greater pain to find —  
 Grant it, God ! be in my season.  
 And, by God, I 'll nought remit thee.  
 Let God hear what thee I proffer !  
 Yes, by God ! Old man, no hearthstone  
 Broad with store of laughing fuel,  
 No flame kindled in December,  
 From the death-cold shall defend thee.”

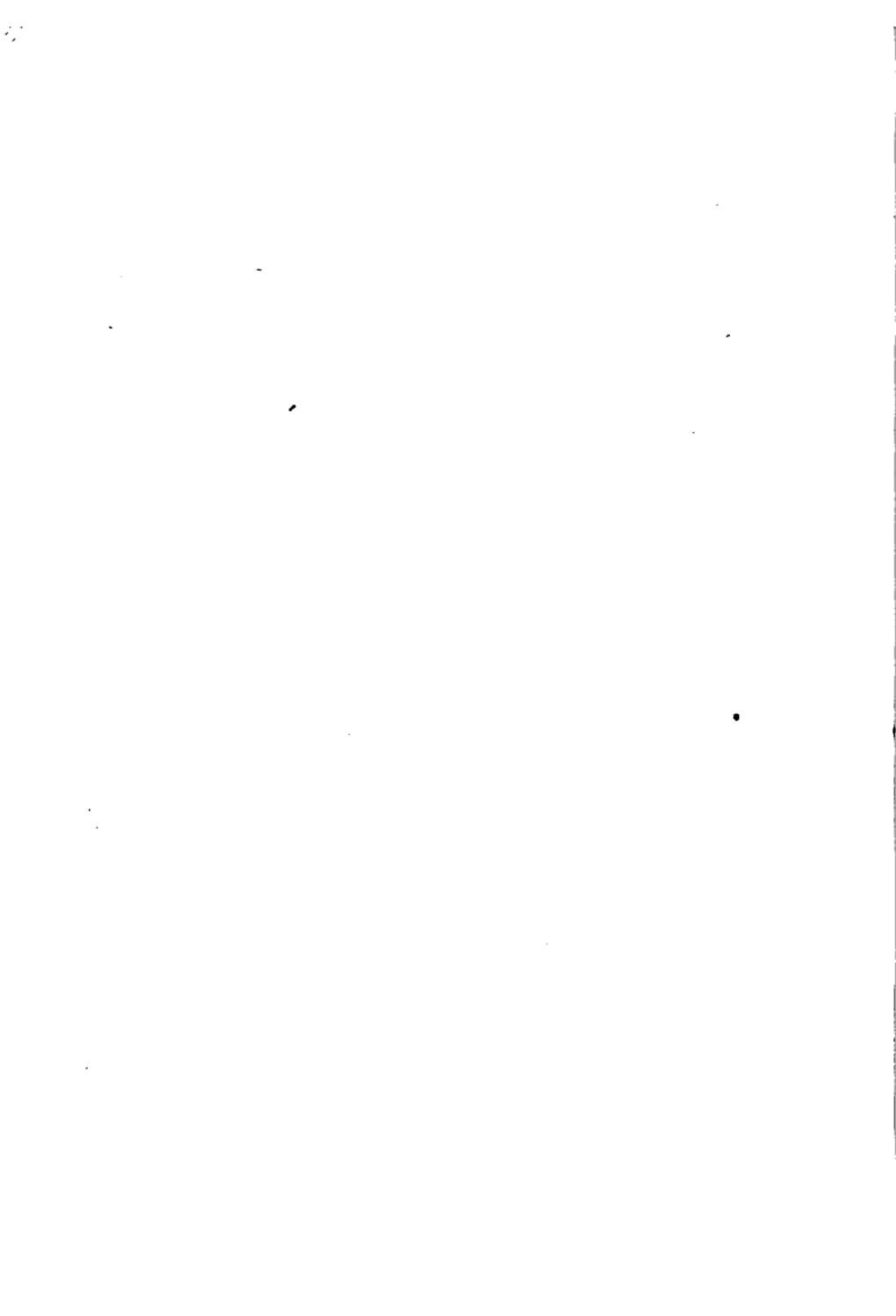
## TO SULEIKA.

**T**HEE with fair perfume to flatter,  
 And thy pleasures to enhance  
 With a single drop of attar,  
 Thousand buds in flame must dance.

Flasklet, slender as thy finger,  
 That in scent the rose-leaves furled  
 May for thee for ever linger, —  
 This to own, consumes a world.

A whole world of vital thriving,  
With whose stress of pulses long  
Ago the Bulbul was conniving  
In her spirit-stirring song.

Should that sorrow make us sorrow  
Which increases our delight ?  
Did not Timur have to borrow  
Myriad souls to fund his might ?



## BOOK OF SULEIKA.

---

IN the night I fancied  
That I saw in sleep the moon ;  
But, upon my waking,  
Unsurmised came up the sun.



1700

## BOOK OF SULEIKA.<sup>1</sup>

---

### INVITATION.

THOU must not fly before the day :  
For the day which thou art chasing  
Is no better than the present ;  
Bide with me content, embracing  
Moment of a world more pleasant  
Than the one I put away  
For this that has no taste of sorrow :  
Day's to-day, to-morrow's morrow,  
And the future does not hurry,  
Past time loiters not to worry.  
My beloved, only linger ;  
Of myself thou art the bringer.

---

That Suleika with Jussúph was smitten  
Was nothing strange ;  
He was young, youth has its range ;  
He was fair, they say, to blissfulness,  
She was fair, they could each other bless.  
But that thou, for whom so long I tarried,

Sendest to me youth's hot glance,  
Lovest me, and later wilt entrance,  
That shall be my song's acclaim,  
Suleika ever be thy name.

---

Since thyself Suleika callest,  
Also I benamed must be.  
When thy lover thou extollest—  
Hatem !<sup>2</sup> that the name shall be.  
Let it not be thought presuming  
Because that the name shall be,  
No St. George's knight is pluming  
That himself St. George may be.  
Not Hatem Thai, famousest of givers,  
In my poverty can I be ;  
Nor Hatem Zograi, stingiest of livers  
Among all poets, would I be.  
But to scan them both for mending  
Myself will not blameworthy be ;  
Fortune's gifts to take for spending  
Shall my great relish ever be.  
Each with each, love's outlay blending,  
Bliss of Paradise will be.

---

#### HATEM.

No thief-maker is Occasion,  
Greatest thief she is herself ;

For she stole Love's latest ration,—  
Left my heart an empty shelf.

Unto thee has she made over  
All I had — my life's clear gain,  
So that I, a beggar'd lover,  
Sue thee for my life again.

Yet already with thy burning  
Gaze I feel compassion blend,  
Joyfully toward thee turning,  
In thy arms my luck I mend.

#### SULEIKA.

Precious love as thine receiving,  
I cannot Occasion scold.  
Played she off on thee her thieving,  
What a booty thence I hold !

Wherefore be the talk of plunder ?  
Yield thee of free choice to me ;  
I 'll believe — would gladly wonder —  
Yes — 'tis I have stolen thee.

What so little cost thee giving  
Brings thee lordly recompense ;  
My repose, my wealth of living,  
Give I blithely, take it hence.

Beggar'd, say'st thou? Nought of jesting!  
Does not love enrich alone?  
When in my embrace art resting,  
No one's fortune beats my own.

---

The lover will not go astray,  
Whatever dusk around him hovers.  
Could Leila and Medschnun see the day,  
Afresh I'd teach them ways of lovers.

---

Is 't real — so near thy hand reposes!  
Strain of thy voice divine I hail!  
Impossible seem always roses,  
Incredible the nightingale.

---

#### SULEIKA.

As I sailed upon Euphrates  
Slipped the golden ring from me  
Down into the water-caverns,—  
That I lately had from thee.

Then I dreamed. The morning splendor  
Through the tree fell on my eye.  
Poet, say — and Prophet, render  
What this dream doth signify.

## HATEM.

Apt to render that my pen is !  
Have I not related thee  
Often how the Doge of Venice  
Plights his troth unto the sea ?

So from out thy finger's capture  
To Euphrates fell the ring :  
Ah, sweet dream, how many a rapture  
Thou inspir'est me to sing !

Me, who from the Indies starting,  
In Damascus would not stay,  
Thence with caravans departing,  
To the Red Sea sought my way,

Me, dost to thy river marry,  
To the terrace, to this grove :  
Here with thee my soul shall tarry  
To the latest kiss of love.

---

I know well the looks men give me,  
One will say : I love, I suffer !  
I desire, yea, I'm distracted !  
And what else is, knows a maiden.  
All such phrases nought avail me,  
Cannot stir a single fibre ;

But thy level glances, Hatem,  
First give splendor to the day.  
For they say : 'tis she delights me,  
As nought else can so delight,  
I see roses, I see lilies,  
All the graces of the garden,  
Myrtles too, the violet, cypress,  
Summoned for the earth's bedecking ;  
And it is arrayed to marvel,  
Circling round us with surprises,  
Soothing, blessing, and restoring,  
Till we feel ourselves so wholesome  
We would fain again be ailing.  
Thus thy glances brought Suleika  
Restoration for her trouble,  
Trouble in the restoration,  
Never to the world more smiling  
Thou than in the looks toward me.  
And thy glance's constant language  
Feels Suleika : *She* delights me  
As nought else may so delight.

GINGO BILOBA.<sup>8</sup>

Leaf of this tree, set to greening  
In my garden from the East,  
Savors of a hidden meaning,  
To the knowing one at least.

By itself in twain divided,  
Does it have the life of One ?  
Is it two, who have decided  
As a unit to be known ?

Answering these, with little trouble  
On the very sense I hit ;  
For I am that One and Double ;  
In my songs thou feelest it.

---

**SULEIKA.**

Thou has done a deal of rhyming,  
To and fro thy songs went chiming,  
Strewed from thy own hand the dole,  
Golden-rimmed, engrossed with splendor,  
To each dot and stroke perfected,  
Dainty lure of many a scroll :  
Say, were these, where'er directed,  
Meant by thee for pledges tender ?

**HATEM.**

Yes, and how from gracious glances,  
Past the face's smiling trances  
And the teeth so dazzling clear,  
Eyelash-arrows, coils of tresses,  
Neck and bosom in such dresses,  
Came a danger thousandfold !  
Think then how for many a year  
My Suleika was foretold.

SULEIKA.<sup>4</sup>

The sun comes ! Glorious and fair !  
 The sickle-moon's around him twining !  
 Say, who could marry such a pair ?  
 And what a riddle for divining !

## HATEM.

The Sultan could, who gives in marriage  
 This peerless pair of all the sky,  
 To show his court's selectest carriage,  
 And mark its gallants to the eye.

Of our delight be it a token !  
 I see again myself and thee.  
 Am I thy sun, as thou hast spoken ?  
 Then come, sweet moon, encircle me.

Come, Darling, come ! My cap with folds environ !  
 From thy hand only is the Dulbend <sup>5</sup> fair.  
 Abbas himself, on the top seat of Iran,  
 Has not more comely circle to his hair.

A Dulbend was the wreath of Alexander,  
 Which from his head in streamers fell,  
 To all his comrade-warriors nothing grander,  
 No King's investment pleased so well.

It is a Dulbend which adorns our Kaiser,  
 They call it crown. The name is little worth.  
 Jewels and pearls make but the eye a prizer!  
 For muslin is the fairest gaud of earth.

Here, take this with the pure and silver streaking,  
 And wind it, Darling, round and round for me.  
 What is your Highness? Style scarce worth the  
 speaking.

When thou dost look, I am as great as He.

---

It is but little that I covet,  
 Since I 'm with every thing content,  
 And a complaisant world this little  
 For many a day to me has lent.

Oft sit I cheerful in the wine-shop,  
 And cheerful pace contracted floors,  
 Until I think of thee : my spirit  
 Then spreads for plunder out of doors.

Thy Thrall should be the realm of Timur,  
 His lording host submissive be,  
 Badakschan levy for thee rubies,  
 Turquoises the Hyrcanian sea.

Of fruits the conserve sweet as honey  
 From Bochara the sunny land,  
 And thousand lovely poems written  
 On silken leaves of Samarkand.

There shouldst thou read with joy my order  
Because of thee that Ormus drains,  
And how the whole of Asia's traffic  
Only to suit thy fancy strains.

How in the country of the Brahman  
So many thousand fingers ply,  
That all the splendor of Hindostan  
For thee on wool and silk may lie.

Yes, still to glorify the mistress,  
Be rinsed the brooks of Soumelpour<sup>6</sup>  
Of gravel-slides, of earth and rubbish,  
For thee its diamonds to secure.

How diving-bands of men audacious  
Tear prize of pearls from Indian sea,  
To busy a divan of judges  
Accomplished to select for thee.

And last of all, if then Bassora  
For spicery and incense ran,  
Of all the world's delights an invoice  
To thee will bring the caravan.

Yet how at length these goods imperial  
The sight bewilder, how they blind :  
And truly loving dispositions  
Content in each their fortune find.

SULEIKA'S MOLE.<sup>7</sup>

**T**O bestow upon thee, sweetest,  
Have I ever gravely planned,

Zest and bauble of those cities,  
Balch, Bokhara, Samarcand ?

But pray ask himself, the Kaiser,  
If the cities he 'll bestow :  
He is lordlier and wiser :

How one loves, he does not know.

Ruler, thou canst ne'er determine

To make gifts so lavishly !

One must first have such a maiden,  
And, as I, a beggar be.

TO SULEIKA.<sup>8</sup>

**T**HOU dear child, this string of rareness  
At the most I hoped would prove  
Something fitted to thy fairness,  
As the wick to lamp of love.

Now thou comest with a token

Hung upon it, which of all  
Abraxas' sorts engraved or spoken,  
Is for me the worst to gall.

What the need to Schiras bringing  
This entirely modern mood !  
Must I, then, a wooden singing  
Make about this bit of wood ?

Abraham for his Sire, Jehovah,  
Chose the Lord of star and sun :  
Moses, deserts passing over,  
Grew to greatness by the One.

David, into many a blunder,  
Yea, and trespass, though he strayed,  
Broke at last the bonds asunder :  
On the righteous One was stayed.

On the only One reflected  
Jesus, innocent and still :  
When they him for God elected  
Only vexed his holy will.

And thus Mahomet 'tis clear  
Unto righteousness attained :  
Only by the One idea  
Has he all the world constrained.

Homage art thou still dictating  
Shall this sorry thing be paid,  
Thou would'st be, for palliating,  
Not alone in the parade.

Must it be ! Since many women,  
Little fools of Solomon,  
Brought their idols, wheedled him in  
To adore, as they had done ;

To the pride Hebraic proffered  
Isis' horn, Anubis crude, —  
Must this for a god be offered  
Me, this woesome bit of wood ?

But I 'm nought if not a lover,  
Let the fate of love betide :  
Solomon forswore Jehovah,  
So my God have I denied.

Renegade ! and ere it rued be,  
Come, and kiss away the smart :  
For a Vitzliputzli would be  
Talisman upon thy heart !

---

Writ out so fairly,  
Bravely gold-margin'd  
Presumptuous pages  
Thou smilest upon,  
Forgivest my boasting  
Of thy love and of my hap  
So in thee to live and prosper,  
Dost forgive my soft self-praise.

Self-praise ! Foul it is to envy  
Only, but to friends a savor  
Sweet, and to the private taste.

Joy of existence is great,  
Greater the joy at existence,  
When thou, Suleika,  
Dost lavishly favor,  
Tossing thy passion to me  
As 'twere a ball  
For me to catch,  
Back to thee tossing  
My captivated self :  
That is a moment !

And then tears me from thee  
Now Frankish errand, now the Armenian.  
But it keeps for days,  
Lasts for years that I still newly fashion  
Thousand-fold relay of thy profuseness,  
With gay colors of my bliss embroider,  
Fed me thousand-threaded  
From thee, O Suleika.

Here, then, on my part,  
Are pearls poetic,  
Which the mighty breakers,  
Rolled in from thy passion,

Threw upon the barren  
Coast of my life,  
With art of fingers  
Daintily chosen,  
Strung upon precious  
Goldsmithery :  
Take them to thy neck,  
Upon thy bosom,  
These rain-drops of Allah  
In the modest muscle ripened.

---

Love for love, each hour the newest,  
Word for word and glance for glance,  
Kiss for kiss from lips the truest,  
Breath for breath and chance for chance :  
So at even, so to-morrow !  
Yet within my song, confess,  
There is ever secret sorrow ;  
Joseph's charm I fain would borrow  
To requite thy handsomeness.

---

I am ill at this requiting  
Beauty that is joy to me :  
But my passion is not slighting,  
Nor my verse of constancy.

---

Sumptuous as musk art thou :  
Where thou wert, we note thee now.

**SULEIKA.**

People, slaves and lords, agreeing  
 All the time, that it must be  
 Very zenith of well-being  
 To keep Personality.

When our Self we are retaining,  
 Any life is not amiss ;  
 Losing all, the whole yet gaining  
 When one bides the One he is.

**HATEM.**

That may be ! so 'twas intended ;  
 Yet I 'm on another track :  
 In Suleika I find blended  
 All the luck that Persons lack.

When with her I am compacted,  
 Then myself becomes of worth ;  
 When herself she has retracted  
 Instantly I 'm full of dearth.

Now with Hatem were all over,  
 Save that, nimble from duress,  
 Re-embodied, I recover  
 In the friend of her caress :

And become, if not a Rabbi,  
Which would little suit my face,  
Still Firdusi, Motanabbi,<sup>9</sup>  
Emperor, in any case.

## HATEM.

Say, beneath what heavenly sign  
Lies the day,  
Where my heart, although 'tis mine,  
No more flies away?  
If it flew, can I divine  
Where it went to stay?  
On the cushion, soft and fine,  
Where it rests with hers alway.

## HATEM.

Like the colored lamps and lusted  
Of the goldsmith's bazaar-booth,  
Round the poet gray are clustered  
Maidens in the bloom of youth.

## MAIDEN.

Already sing'st again Suleika!  
How can we permit the wrong?  
Not for thee does envy strike her,  
But we envy her thy song.

Were Suleika's face ill-favored,  
Still 'twould dazzle in thy strain ;  
Of Dschemil and of Boteinah  
We have read much in that vein.

Just because we all are pretty  
Fain would we too be portrayed,  
And if thou wilt do it squarely,  
Prettily shalt thou be paid.

#### HATEM.

Done ! Brunette, with many a comb  
Great and small upon thy tresses,  
So thy head its trimness dresses,  
As the mosque puts on the dome.

Little Blond, thy moods enwind me,  
And thy ways so made to pet ;  
Dainty figure, dost remind me  
Rightly of the minaret.

Thou, fair peril, standing yonder,  
Hast two eyes which are not matches,  
Canst at pleasure either squander :  
I 'll not be among your catches.

One with eyelid slightly drooping,  
So the star scarce through is glinting,  
At a rogue of rogues is hinting ;  
But the other seems not duping.

While the first with cruel angle  
Wounds, the other beams with healing ;  
I can praise with happy feeling  
Only glances with this tangle.

So with all my heart I praise you,  
So could love you all, unbribed :  
For by all that my songs raise you,  
Is the Mistress well described.

## MAIDEN.

Into slavery goes the poet,  
Since his masteries that way spring ;  
But it ought to please him better,  
Could She also of him sing.

Has She then a song perfected,  
As upon our lips one reigns ?  
For it makes her quite suspected,  
If in public She refrains.

**HATEM.**

Who can tell of her fulfilling !  
 Bottom of such depth who knows ?  
 She, self-felt, with song o'erspilling,  
 Self-made to the mouth it goes.

Among all ye poetesses  
 Equal to her is not one ;  
 When she sings, myself she blesses,  
 Yourselves ye sing and love alone.

**MAIDEN.**

Mark me, us thou hast derided ;  
 Feigned a Houri, not a woman !  
 'Tis all one to us, provided  
 She can flatter nothing human.

---

**HATEM.**

Keep me prisoner, ye tresses,  
 In the circle of her face !  
 No protest my mouth expresses  
 'Gainst that snaring auburn grace.  
 But my heart all youth is lifting,  
 Into freshest leaf it blows :  
 Under snow and vapor-drifting  
 Ætna lies, and for thee glows.

Flung like morning-red thy blushes  
 O'er its bleaching summit came,  
 Through me once again there rushes  
 Breath of spring and summer's flame.

Here — a beaker ! how it flashes !  
 This I consecrate to thee !  
 Dost thou find a heap of ashes,  
 Say, he was consumed by me.

## SULEIKA.

Thee I never will surrender !  
 Love empowers me to retain ;  
 To my shyness dost thou render  
 Passion's valor, youth's clear strain.  
 What a flattery of my leaning,  
 When my poet's verse they praise !  
 For to life there is no meaning  
 Till love instigates the days.

---

How the lips of rubies part,  
 Sweet, unscathed by all thy feeling !  
 Importunity, love's smart,  
 Is birth of its own healing.

---

From thy Beloved if thou art  
 Like Orient from the West apart,

How through all deserts runs the heart ;  
Itself convoy and piloting star ;  
For lovers is Bagdad not far.

---

May thy world's brittle chances  
By itself amended be :  
These clear eyes have their glances,  
This heart a pulse for me.

---

So many senses in excess I find !  
They bring distraction into joy.  
Deaf would I be dost thou my eyes employ,  
And when I hear thee, blind.

---

In distance still so near to thee !  
And so unexpected comes the pain.  
I listen to thee once again,  
Thee again at once I see.

---

Pray how could I be merry,  
Removed from light and day ?  
I 'll scribble solitary,  
But take the wine away.

---

When she my heart was imping  
With love, no speech was then,  
And as the tongue went limping,  
So limps to-day the pen.

But come, cupbearer yonder,  
A silent cup to fill ;  
I only tell thee — ponder !  
Who knows not what I will ?

---

When remembering tasks me,  
Straight cupbearer asks me,  
“ Wherefore, Sir, so still ?  
Saki<sup>10</sup> is for clinging  
Ever to thy singing,  
Never has his fill.”

Little to his choosing  
When I ’m all to musing  
’Neath the cypress gone ;  
Yet I am most knowing  
Where no talk is going,  
Wise as Solomon.

**THE BELOVED SPEAKS.**

**W**HEREFOR<sup>E</sup> now sends not  
My captain of riders  
To me a message,  
Each day one to me ?  
Still has he horses,  
And knows how to write.

Yes, he writes Talik,<sup>11</sup>  
 Also knows Neski,  
 Daintily writes it  
 On silken pages :  
 Be his handwriting  
 Instead of himself.

The ailing one will not,  
 Will not recover  
 From the sweet sorrow,  
 She, who at notice  
 From her Beloved  
 Is solaced past cure.

#### THE BELOVED, AGAIN.

**I**F he writes Neski,  
 Trusty its sounding,  
 Writes he in Talik,  
 'Tis joy abounding :  
 No word of them rough,  
 He loves me — enough !

#### BOOK OF SULEIKA.

**I**FAIN would make an end and stitch the book  
 With all the others that before have gone.  
 Only what stinting of the leaves canst brook,  
 When love's illusion leads thee on and on ?

---

See how the thickets yonder,  
Beloved, through the green  
Let fruit of nuts they squander  
In burry hulls be seen.

Long time themselves not knowing,  
Shut fast and still they hung ;  
A bough their cradle growing,  
Indulgently it swung.

Yet ever the brown kernel  
Grew riper with desire  
To breathe an air supernal  
And feel the solar fire.

Now cracks the burry balling  
To let it drop, express'd :  
And so my songs are falling  
In heaps upon thy breast.

## SULEIKA.

Passing by the fountain sprightly  
Where the threaded waters play,  
Wist I not what bade me stay ;  
Yet there by thy finger lightly  
Was my cipher traced to see,  
Down I looked, was drawn to thee.

In the formal avenue  
 On the border of the brook,  
 Up into the blue I look,  
 And I there perceive anew  
 All my letters traced by thee :  
 Stay, oh stay thus drawn to me !

**HATEM.**

Let the cypresses declare it,  
 And the water springing, flowing ;  
 From Suleika to Suleika  
 Is my coming and my going.

---

**SULEIKA.**

Scarcely once more do I have thee,  
 And with songs and kisses lave thee,  
 Than thou grow'st reserved and still :  
 What does vex thee, what is ill ?

**HATEM.**

Ah Suleika, shall I speak it ?  
 I must blame, and on thee wreak it ;  
 Once my songs thou sangest, ever  
 Mine anew, and others never.

Interlopers are the lays  
Of the others I might praise ;  
Not of Hafis, not Nisami,<sup>12</sup>  
Not Saadi, not of Dschami.

Masters all to me are known,  
Word for word and tone for tone  
In the memory unbroken ;  
But the others are just spoken.

Yesterday were they indited ;  
Hast thyself, then, newly plighted ?  
That thou art, with such gay daring,  
Stranger's breath against me airing ?

As if 'twere as animating,  
And the heart as keenly baiting  
With a tryst in every tone,  
So harmonic as my own ?

## SULEIKA.

'Twas long ere Hatem here returned,  
Meantime the maid has something learned.  
The songs to thee seemed well expressed,  
Of that has absence been the test.  
Know then, no stranger wrote a line  
Suleika's are they, and are thine.

Behramgur,<sup>18</sup> goes the tale, invented rhyme,  
 He spoke enrapt upon his spirit's tide ;  
 Dilaram, friend and mistress of his time,  
 Swiftly with word and tone to match replied.

And so for rhyme, Beloved, didst thou please  
 To find a use in friendly leisure play,  
 That I Behramgur, the Sassanides,  
 Need no more envy — served as well as they.

In thee this Book awoke, thou hast it sung ;  
 For what my full heart spake in happy time,  
 Back from thy gracious life in grace was flung,  
 As glance to glance, so echoed rhyme to rhyme.

Now let it forth to reach thee from afar ;  
 The word attains, though tone and note subside.  
 Is 't not the mantle sown with every star,  
 The All by love supremely glorified ?

---

'Twas my first and latest pleasure  
 With thy glances to accord,  
 With the lips that framed the treasure  
 Of thy heart in every word.

I since yesterday benighted  
 Am, my fire and glow are set ;  
 Every jest which so delighted,  
 Weighs like heavy load of debt.

Until Allah pleases soon  
 Reunite us, all appears,  
 Sun and time and earth and moon,  
 Opportunity for tears.

---

Let me weep ! Around the night encamps  
 On the illimitable waste.  
 The camels rest, the drivers by their side,  
 Silently reckoning watches the Armenian ;  
 But I beside him reckon up the miles  
 Which divide me from Suleika, travel o'er  
 All the tedious windings which protract the way.

Let me weep ! For that is no disgrace :  
 Excellent are weeping men.  
 E'en Achilles wept for his Briseïs !  
 Xerxes bewailed his once unconquered host :  
 Over the favorite slain by his own hands  
 Alexander wept.  
 Let me weep ! Tears quicken all the dust :  
 Already 'tis greening.

## SULEIKA.

All this stir a somewhat brings :  
 Would the East glad news impart ?  
 The fresh fanning of its wings  
 Cools the deep wounds of the heart.

With the dust it plays and coses,  
 Chasing it in little clouds,  
 And for safety to the roses  
 Drives the frolic insect-crowds.

Tempers soft the noonday fluster,  
 Cools too glowing cheeks for me,  
 Kisses flying every cluster  
 That parades on hill and tree.

And its gentle whispers bring me  
 Thousand messages to greet :  
 Ere these hills their shadows fling me,  
 I shall listen at his feet.

Then may'st leave again, to wander  
 Mid the happy, soothe the pain.  
 Where the high walls glisten yonder,  
 Soon I'll find delight again.

Ah, my heart, thy real tiding,  
 Waft of love that makes me live,  
 On this Eastern breath is riding,  
 Only for his lips to give.

### SYMBOL.

**T**HE sun, of Hellens the Apollo,  
 Goes sumptuous on the skyey way ;  
 To make the worlds attend and follow,  
 Around he looks, beneath, away.

He sees the fairest goddess weeping,  
Cloud-daughter, of the heavenly kind,  
To her alone his glances sweeping  
Are to the jocund spaces blind.

In chill he sinks, and then her sadness  
More freely feeds the bitter flow :  
To her lamenting sends he gladness,  
To every pearl the kisses go.

Now deep she feels his glance's passion,  
And fixed aloft her look has gone ;  
The pearls have rounded to a fashion,  
His image each has taken on.

With color haloed thus, a shining  
Regard she turns cleared up of rain,  
He comes toward her so inclining,  
Yet he, alas, does not attain.

So, just when joys on fate's tears follow,  
O loveliest, dost fade and fail ;  
Then even were I great Apollo,  
What would the chariot avail ?

## AFTER-TONE.

**H**IMSELF to match how famously the poet  
 Deprives the king his pomp, the sun its fires :  
 But when the night creeps o'er him, lest he show it,  
 Deject to hiding he retires.

So, flung behind barr'd clouds to sicken,  
 In darkness dropped the heaven's clearest blue ;  
 With famine pale my cheeks are stricken,  
 And my heart's tears are gray as dew.

Leave me not so to gloom, to sorrow,  
 Thou all-beloved, thou my moon by night,  
 Oh, thou my taper, Phosphor of a morrow,  
 My risen sun, thou, all my light.

## SULEIKA.

Ah, west wind, how sore I envy  
 Thee those moist wings sailing by !  
 For thou canst report my pining,  
 Out of absence waft a sigh.

In the breast a quiet longing  
 Wakes at motion of thy wing ;  
 Tears on flower, hill, and meadow  
 In thy breath are gathering.

Yet thy mild and quiet blowing  
 Cools the swollen lids that burn ;  
 Ah, for sorrow I should perish  
 If I hoped not his return.

Hasten then to my beloved,  
 Speak in softness to his heart,  
 Yet, take care not to afflict him,  
 So conceal from him my smart.

Say to him, but say it lowly,  
 That his love is all my life ;  
 Joyous touch of both he gives me  
 When his nearness ends their strife.

## REUNION.

**S**TAR of stars, but is this real ?  
 Do I feel again thy heart ?  
 Ah, the night of separation,  
 What abyss it is, what smart !  
 Yes, it is thyself, the cherished  
 Counterpart of all my joy !  
 But the past grief in me shudders,  
 Gives the present its alloy.

When the world in deepest essence  
 Lay on God's eternal breast,

From his passion for creating  
    The first hour became expressed.  
With a sigh the spaces shuddered  
    When the Word spake — Let there Be !  
And the All with mighty gesture  
    Broke into reality.

Shyly then the Dark retreated  
    At forthcoming of the Light,  
And the elements disreted  
    Drove each other into flight.  
Swift, in wild and vacant dreaming,  
    Each toward the distance strove,  
Without longing, without chiming,  
    The unmeasured spaces clove.

All was barren, dumb, unmated,  
    God was lonesome now, until  
He the morning-red created,  
    To console the mighty ill ;  
On the chaos blind it painted  
    A harmonic color-play,  
        rejoin in love whatever  
From its mate once fell away.

Now is all alert with striving  
    For the next of kin it spurned,

And toward unmeasured living  
Are the glance and feeling turned.  
Be it scramble, be it capture,  
Only let each hold its mate !  
Done is God's creating rapture,  
We for him the world create.

So unto thy lips they wafted  
Me, the wings of morning-red,  
And the night, star-clear with thousand  
Seals, the bond has warranted.  
In the world are we together  
Paragon in joy and pain :  
Let there Be ! once more repeated,  
Will not sever us again.

### THE MOON AT FULL.

**M**ISTRESS, say, what means the babble ?  
What so lightly moves thy lips ?  
Ever whispering away  
Daintier than wine in sips !  
From the moon dost think art able  
Draw a sister-twin to stay ?

“Would be kissing, kissing !” said I.

Look ! for as the thickets darkle  
 All the branches bud with glowing,  
     Downward twinkles star on star,  
 Emeralds, carbuncles, strowing  
 Sprays with thousandfolded sparkle :  
     Yet thy soul from all is far.

“Would be kissing, kissing !” said I.

By the absence tried, thy lover,  
 Likewise by the sour-sweeting,  
     Feels a miserable lot.  
 Thee with sacred pledges greeting  
 This full moon do I discover :  
     ’Tis the moment and the spot.

“I ’ll be kissing, kissing !” say I.

#### SECRET MESSAGE.<sup>14</sup>

**Y**E people diplomatic,  
     Tap your alertest vein,  
 In wit, ye masters Attic,  
     Surmise right fine and plain,  
 Let every gossip hurry  
     The cipher’s sense to cast,  
 Till after all the flurry  
     It comes to naught at last.

The charming lady writes me,  
Her cipher comes to hand,  
It all the more delights me,  
Since 'twas her wit that planned.  
Love's fulness free from rumor  
In loveliest retreat,  
Such is our gracious humor,  
The way in which we meet.

One spray it is selected  
Of many thousand blooms,  
A house that 's well-affected  
In many-peopled rooms ;  
It is the sky o'ersprinkled  
With tufts of every hue,  
A sea by singing wrinkled  
While gales of perfume blew.

It is enigma striving  
Our frankness to impart,  
Into life's marrow driving  
Like dart shot after dart.  
What I am thus revealing  
Was long our pious rite,  
If ye take in the dealing,  
So deal, but silent quite.

## COUNTERPART.

A MIRROR I have, my lauder,  
I gaze in it so fine,  
As if hung the monarch's order  
On me with double shine ;  
'Tis not that I conceited  
Peer all round for my face ;  
I relish being greeted,  
And that is here the case.

When in my lone house-keeping  
The mirror draweth me,  
Belov'd is out of it peeping  
Ere I myself can see.  
Quickly I turn, it worse is,  
She 's vanished into air ;  
Then look I into my verses,  
She straight again is there.

I write them ever grander  
And more to suit my mind,  
Despite of witling's slander  
A daily profit find.  
My shrine her form encloses,  
Transfigur'd to the eye,  
In golden running-roses,  
And frame of lazuli.

## SULEIKA.

IN thy sense an inmost solace  
Do I taste, O Song, and pride !  
Tenderly thou seem'st to tell me,  
I'm not here, but at his side.

Thinking of me in the distance, —  
That is blessing which he gives  
To one from his love's persistence  
Who to him devoted lives.

Yes, my heart, it is the mirror,  
Friend, on which thou art express'd,  
Where with kiss on kiss thy signet  
Thou art stamping through my breast.

Truth besung so clear and tender  
Fetters me in sympathy ;  
Guileless love's embodied splendor  
In the garb of Poesy.

---

The world-mirror Alexander pleases :  
Leave it to him — for what does it show ?  
Many peaceful people, whom he seizes  
With the rest to rattle to and fro.<sup>15</sup>

Go no farther, thou, for strangeness roving !  
 Sing to me old songs are all thine own :  
 For I live, consider, I am loving,  
 Seize and conquer me alone !

---

The world throughout is dear to look upon,  
 Supremely fair the world is of the Poet ;  
 On dull fields or gay are clear lights thrown  
 At noon tide, all night long, to show it.  
 To-day is all magnific : would it only stay !  
 For through the lens of love I look to-day.

---

No more on silken leaf  
 Do I write symmetric rhymes,  
 Enframe them no longer  
 In the golden tendrils :  
 Scrawled within the mobile dust,  
 Winds obliterate, but the power remains,  
 Fastened on the ground  
 Down to the middle of the earth.  
 And the lover will come here,  
 A wanderer. When he steps  
 Upon this spot, it will thrill him,  
 Through the limbs 'twill go —  
 "Here ! Before me loved the lover.  
 Was it Medschnun, the tender ?  
 Ferhad the mighty ? Dschemil the constant ?

Or some one of those thousand  
 Happy — unhappiest ?  
 He loved ! Like him I love,  
 Him I divine ! ”

But, Suleika, thou dost rest —  
 Upon caressing cushion  
 I made ready for thee and adorned.  
 It will tremble through thy limbs, arouse thee, —  
 “ ‘Tis Hatem — he is calling me.  
 I too call to thee, O Hatem ! Hatem ! ”

## ALL AND ONE.

**T**O thee a thousand forms may lend disguises,  
 Yet, All-Beloved, I distinguish thee ;  
 Whatever magic veil before thee rises,  
 All-present one, through each I notice thee.

The youthful green upon the cypress striving,  
 O Growth all-fair, at once discovers thee ;  
 Along the clear canal the water living,  
 All-flattering, doth babble well of thee.

When fountains lift, to many lines escaping,  
 All-reveller, what joy to notice thee !  
 When clouds unshape themselves with constant shaping,  
 All-manifold, there too I notice thee.

Upon the meadow carpet, flower-spotted,  
All-bright-bestarred, how fair thou art I see ;  
When ivy grapples thousand-armed and knotted,  
O All-embracing, there perceive I thee.

When on some Alp the kindling morn has halted,  
Thou All-enlivener, there greet I thee ;  
Then over me a heaven-space is vaulted,  
Then, Heart-expander, then I breathe in thee.

Whate'er I know with outer sense, with inner,  
Thou All-imparting, that I know through thee ;  
And if I name the hundred names of Allah,  
There echoes after each a name for thee.

## BOOK OF THE CUP-BEARER.

---

THEREAT all hands extend  
The slender-waisted cups to take :  
A drop they spill for heaven's sake,  
Then clink the groom best wishes without end.

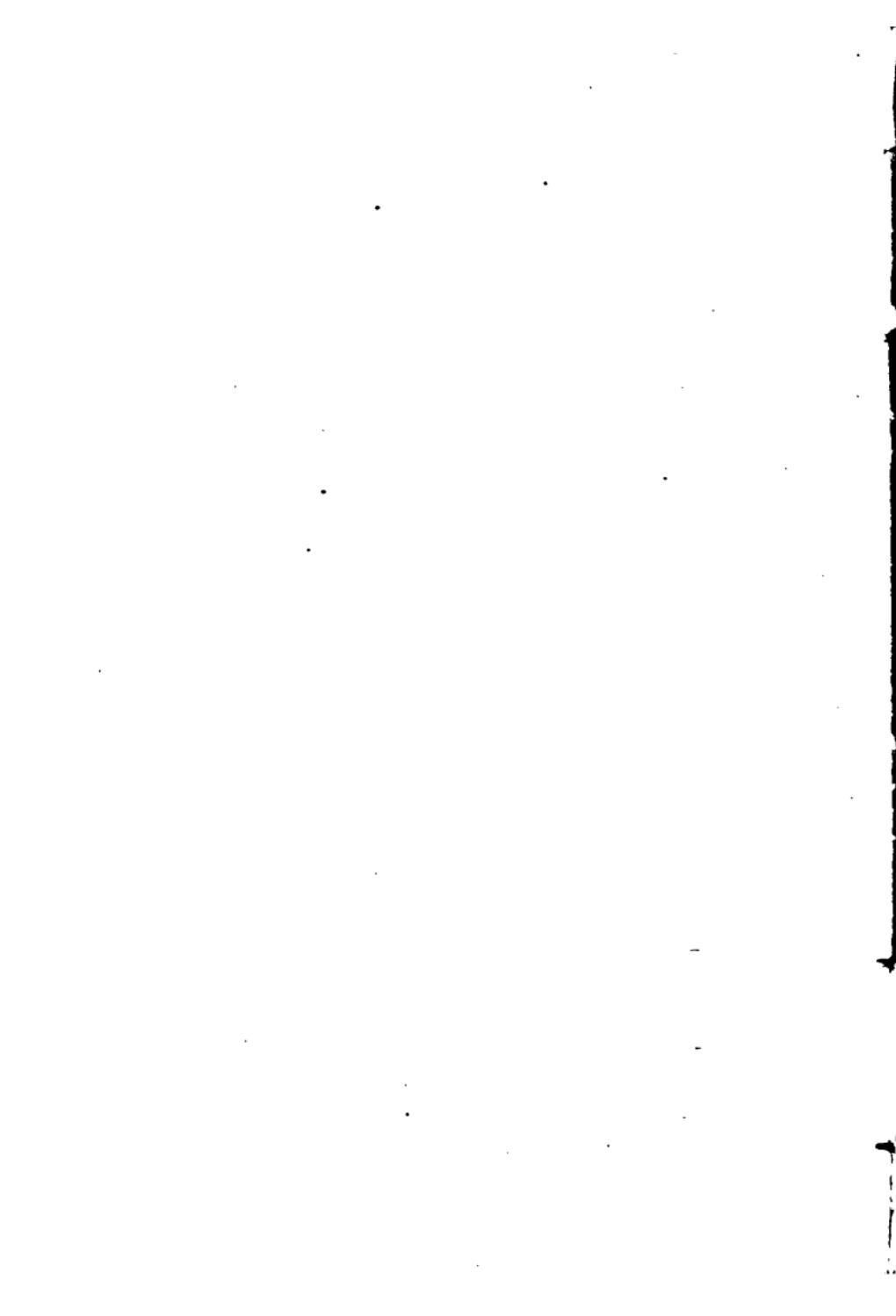
SAPPHO.

A Prophet, Dionysus ! Who is mad with wine  
And who is mad without may both divine :  
When mortal frames with thee are saturate,  
The future finds a tongue, the heavens prate.

EURIPIDES.

WINE of wine,  
Blood of the world,  
Form of forms, and mould of statures,  
That I intoxicated,  
And by the draught assimilated,  
May float at pleasure through all natures ;  
The bird-language rightly spell,  
And that which roses say so well.

EMERSON.



## BOOK OF THE CUP-BEARER.<sup>1</sup>

---

YES, in the wine-shop have I too been seated,  
To me as to the others was it meted ;  
They gossipped, cried, were busy with to-day,  
Just as the weather brought it, sad or gay ;  
But I in cheer innermost sat alway,  
For thinking of my dearest — how she loved ?

For want of knowing that my pulse is checked !  
I love her so as ever a heart was moved

To give its plight and hang on One abject.  
Where was the parchment, where the stylus, ho,  
Which all recorded ? — yet 'twas so ! yes, so !

---

I sit alone,  
It suits me well, I own ;  
My wine I drink  
Alone, and think ;  
No one setting bounds to me,  
So I have my thinking free.

---

Muley, the scamp, was so well trained,  
That finer he wrote the more he drained.

WHICH IS OLDER?<sup>2</sup>

IS the Koran from eternity?  
 Thereon I question not.  
 Whether the Koran created be?  
 That know I not.  
 That it the Book of books may be,  
 On the Moslem's faith I wot,  
 But that wine is from eternity,  
 I doubt it not ;  
 Or that ere angels it began to be,  
 A fable perchance is not ;  
 But the drinker, however the case may be,  
 Sees Allah's face upon the spot.

---

To drinking must we all incline !  
 Youth is drunkenness without wine ;  
 Wondrous merit 'tis of drinking  
 When Age again with youth is clinking.  
 Days for sorrow are care-takers,  
 But the grapes are sorrow-breakers.

---

'Tis beyond the reach of doubt !  
 Wine is rigidly shut out.  
 If for drinking still you pine,  
 Only drink the best of wine ;

Else twice-heretic and quicker  
Damned because of rasping liquor.

---

On what kind of wine  
Did Alexander drunken get ?  
Latest spark of life I bet,  
It was not so good as mine.

---

Wine ! thou canst not be allowed it,  
Till the doctor so has said :  
Only a little spoils the stomach,  
And too much will rot the head.

---

Know ye what name is given to Her ?  
Know ye what wine I prefer ?

---

One who too sober is  
Finds the Wrong pleasant ;  
To one who well has drunk  
The Right is present ;  
Neither creed safe is,  
Runs to excesses ;  
Teach me, O Hafis,  
How prudence redresses.

For my opinions  
Soberly move ;

One who can drink not  
Ought not to love ;  
Drinkers no better  
Than this can divine ;  
Who is not love's debtor,  
Must owe nought to wine.

---

## SULEIKA.

Wherefore art often rude and pale ?

## HATEM.

Thou know'st that the body is a jail ;  
The soul has been enticed within,  
Where elbow-room is hard to win.  
Does she for rescue take some pains,  
The jail itself is put in chains :  
Thus doubly baffled in her range,  
It haps her mien is often strange.

---

If the body a prison is,  
Why only the prison so thirsty is ?  
The soul within would be at ease,  
And tarry while the senses please ;  
But now a flask shall briskly down,  
Another brisk the first to drown.  
The soul no longer will comply,  
The beaten doors to pieces fly.

---

## TO THE WAITER.

DO not set the flask, thou fellow,  
Down before my nose so rudely !  
Let him who brings me wine look mellow,  
Else the choicest smacks but crudely.

## TO THE CUP-BEARER.

COME hither, come in, thou daintiest boy,  
Why there on the threshold dost linger ?  
For thee in the future will I employ :  
In the cup is the gust of the bringer.

## CUP-BEARER SPEAKS.

PRITHEE leave me, crafty hussy,  
Take thy ringlets brown away :  
To my master suits my waiting,  
And his kisses are my pay.

Therefore thou, I 'm free to wager,  
Hast no love on me to spend :  
And thy cheeks, thy breasts, would only  
Be fatiguing to my friend.

Dost thou really think to trick me  
    Thus to leave as if so shy?  
I will lie upon the threshold,  
    Watching lest thou slippest by.

---

They have because of drunkenness  
    Accused us manifold,  
And have about our drunkenness  
    Not half enough yet told.  
One commonly in drunkenness  
    Sleeps till the day is old,  
Yet in the night my drunkenness  
    Chased me through the cold.  
For it is love-drunkenness  
    That gives me piteous smart,  
From day to night, from night to day,  
    It shivers in my heart,—  
The heart, that in the drunkenness  
    Of singing swells and spends,  
To like of which no drunkenness  
    That's sober ere pretends.  
Love, wine, and singing drunkenness,  
    Whether by day or night,  
Is the divinest drunkenness  
    To pester and delight.

---

Thou little rogue, thou!  
    Every thing depends

On my remaining conscious.  
So 'tis that thy presence,  
Thou most beloved,  
Is a pleasure to me,  
Although I 'm drunken.

---

What tumult was there in the tavern,  
At early morning what a bicker !  
The girls and landlord — torches, people !  
What cries, what gibing o'er the liquor !  
The ruffling drums, the snarling fife —  
A wild and spendthrift doing :  
Yet I was there, too full of life  
And joy to feel a rueing.

The straight ones serve me with reproof  
Because I never learn their rules :  
At least I wisely keep aloof  
From squabble of pulpits and the schools.

---

## CUP-BEARER.

What a plight ! So late, O master,  
Art thou crawling from the chamber :  
Persians say, *Bidamug buden*,<sup>8</sup>  
Germans call it *Katzenjammer*,

## POET.

Leave me this time, my beloved :  
 Nothing suits me, something ails  
 E'en the sight, the smell of roses,  
 And the song of nightingales.

## CUP-BEARER.

'Tis a mood for me to manage  
 In a way that will be clever.  
 Here, fresh almonds for thy palate,  
 Wine again will have its flavor.

Then will I upon the terrace  
 In the cool air set thee steeping :  
 Kiss thou givest the cup-bearer  
 As within my gaze art keeping.

Look ! The world is not a cavern ;  
 Brooded nestlings, life at play,  
 Scent and oil of roses ; Bulbul  
 Sings as sweet as yesterday.

That scurvy beggar,  
 The old wanton —  
 World, they call her, —  
 Has betrayed me,

Like all the rest of men.  
 Faith she stole from me,  
 After that my hope :  
 Then she reached for Love—  
 At that I broke away.  
 Forever to secure  
 The rescued treasure,  
 Prudently I shared it  
 Between Suleika and Saki.  
 Each of the two  
 Strove in emulation  
 To outpay with interest.  
 So richer than ever am I :  
 Faith have I back again !  
 In her love have faith ;  
 He, in full cups, pledges me  
 Lordly feeling of the Present :  
 What need is there of hope ?

CUP-BEARER.<sup>4</sup>

Hast to-day right well refected,  
 Deeper with the wine than meat :  
 In this napkin are collected  
 All the scraps thou wouldest not eat.

Here it is, we call a swanlet,  
 Since the sated guest it pleases ;

To my swan I bring the dessert  
 As he bridles in the breezes.

Yet we know when swans are chanting,  
 Their own sexton-toll we hear :  
 Let each song of thine be wanting,  
 Must it hint thy end is near.

#### CUP-BEARER.

On the square at thy appearing,  
 The great Poet ! Folks remark :  
 When thou singest I 'm all hearing,  
 When thou 'rt silent, still I hark.

Yet thou art my dearer lover  
 When thou kissest for reminding ;  
 For the syllables pass over,  
 But a kiss the heart is binding.

Rhymes are somewhat signifying,  
 Better is it much to ponder :  
 Sing thou to the other people,  
 But on me thy silence squander.

#### POET.

Come, my beauty ! One more beaker !

**CUP-BEARER.**

Sir, thou hast enough been drinking ;  
Calls thee toper every speaker.

**POET.**

Didst thou ever see me sinking ?

**CUP-BEARER.**

Mahomet forbid it.

**POET.**

Darling !  
No one hears, I 'll something tell thee.

**CUP-BEARER.**

When to speak it be thy pleasure,  
I 'll not question nor repel thee.

**POET.**

Listen then ! We other Moslems  
Must on sober stomach travel ;  
But the Prophet, Allah-drunken,  
Need not all his brains unravel.

## SAKI.

When thou quaffest deep, O master,  
How the fire to whiteness glows,  
Bursts in sparkle, dazzles faster,  
And thou know'st not how it goes.

When thou sett'st the glasses clinking,  
Monks I see in corners stand,  
All their thoughts to ambush slinking,  
While thy heart is in thy hand.

Why youth — tell me, pray, the reason —  
From its errors not yet free,  
Not a virtue yet in season,  
Wiser than old age should be !

All in heaven and earth thou knowest ;  
And the turmoil of the whole,  
Thoughtless of thyself, thou showest  
How it grows in thee to soul.

## HATEM.

Hast the very reason given  
For remaining young and wise ;  
Poet is a gift of heaven  
Put into the earth's disguise.

At the breast of silence draining  
Dreams that into babble spring,  
His no talent for restraining,  
He must blab that he may sing.

**SUMMER-NIGHT.****POET.**

**D**OWN the West the sun has vanished,  
Yet above it shineth airy ;  
Canst thou tell me how much later  
Will the golden shimmer tarry ?

**CUP-BEARER.**

I will watch, if thou art willing,  
Where beyond the tent 'tis dimmer,  
Thee to tell as soon as midnight  
Is the mistress of the shimmer.

For I know, aloft to wander  
Thou delightest with thy gazes,  
Where those fires enkindled yonder  
Lavish on each other praises.

And the clearest but declareth, —  
In my place from God I shine ;  
If to thee more light He spareth,  
It will glitter clear as mine.

For to God the whole is lordly,  
 Since of all He is the best ;  
 And so every bird is sleeping  
 In its great or little nest.

In the cypress one is sitting  
 Also, where the branches prop it,  
 Thither in the cool wind flitting  
 For the dew that night will drop it.

This, or like it, thy endeavor  
 Is to teach me what to cherish ;  
 All I gathered from thee ever  
 From my bosom shall not perish.

For thy sake upon the terrace  
 I will play the owl, my fair,  
 Till I notice the twin-motion  
 Of the Great and Little Bear.

Then 'twill midnight be, and tender,  
 And so swift thy soul inspiring ;  
 Then with thee 'twill be a splendor  
 At the All to look admiring.

## POET.

True, within this fragrant garden  
 Whole nights long the Bulbul singeth ;

But thou wouldest now long be warden  
 Ere this night the pleasure bringeth.

For in this the time of Flora,  
 So by Grecian people named,  
 The grass-widow, the Aurora,<sup>5</sup>  
 Is in Hesperus inflamed.

See, she comes ! and quicker, nearer,  
 Over meadows blossom-dressed,  
 Clear on this, on that side, clearer,—  
 Yes, the night is sorely pressed.

Lightly sandall'd strays the blusher,  
 Him who flitted with Apollo  
 To surprise, and back to usher :  
 Where she comes the love-wafts follow.

Quick, O handsome boy, betake thee  
 Deep within, and shut the door ;  
 She for Hesper will mistake thee,  
 Seize thee for a look he bore.

*boy, sleepily.*

I gather patiently thy intent —  
 Thou meanest, God in every element.  
 Impartest that so charmingly !  
 It is because thou lovest me.

HATEM.

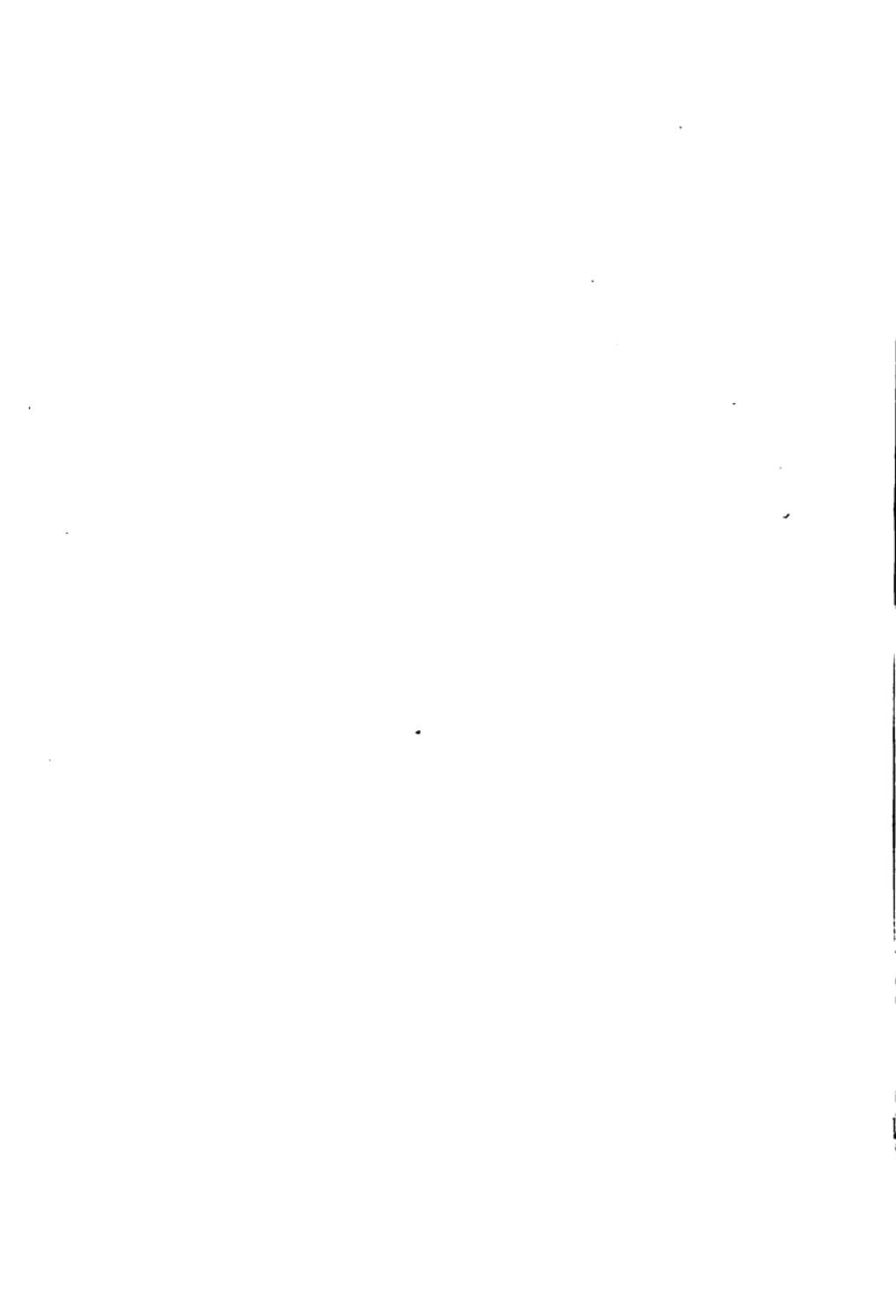
He slumbers well and has a right to slumber.  
Dear child, thou hast indeed decanted wine  
For me, thy teacher: without strain and cumber  
The thought that ages him dost thou divine.  
Now sleep is pouring out for thee, health-bringer  
That keeps thy limbs in full and gracious plight:  
Still quaffing, to my lip I place a finger,  
Lest waking he should freshen my delight.

## BOOK OF PARABLES.

---

THE imagination's prey runs in forests and multiplies in all seas. The ocean is a saucer, and its bottom scarce skin-deep. And the distances which lie within the galaxy are sanded with the gold-dust of its imagery. The firmament is a solid floor on which this sense of unity can walk.

There is not an object which is not a passion ; not a passion which does not overtake itself in objects. What is my thought like ? Whatever it be like, that is my thought, or else it could not be like it. How irrational and fantastic seems this conclusion to which the imagination leaps with the faith of a child in its "make-believe !" How futile this hysterical passion which mounts to the eyelid and inundates the cheek at the happy rashness of some image that abolishes time and space, and turns the dirty earth to a lens ! We put our eye to it : thou Deity, our eyes have met !



## BOOK OF PARABLES.<sup>1</sup>

---

INTO the wild sea's shudder fell away  
A drop from heaven ; fiercely smote the flood.  
Yet God requited modest hardihood,  
And vigor gave the drop and stay :  
A quiet shell its port became,  
Until, for honor and renown,  
A pearl beams on our Kaiser's crown  
With gentle look and gracious flame.

---

Bulbul through the night sang mellow,  
Pierced to Allah's throne of light,  
Who the rapture to requite  
Shut her in a golden fellow,  
That is man, whose limbs constrain,  
And the little soul 's kept tightly ;  
Yet when she considers rightly,  
Ever sings her song again.

## MIRACLE.

A handsome cup one day I broke,  
And fell to sheer despairing ;

Wished overhaste and awkward stroke  
 To all the devils faring.  
 At first I raged, then every bit  
 Picked up with sad endeavor ;  
 God, touched at that, created it  
 Afresh, as good as ever.

---

The pearl which from the muscle ran,  
 High-born and debonair,  
 Spake to the jeweler, — “ Good man,  
 I am undone, oh, spare ! ”  
 “ Dost bore me through, my beauteous glance  
 Is straight for ever shattered ;  
 And I must take my evil chance  
 With sisters to be fettered.”  
 “ I’m only thinking now of gain ;  
 Your pardon, I entreat it,  
 For if I do not give you pain  
 My string is not completed.”

---

I saw, amazed and glad together,  
 In the Koran lying a peacock’s feather :  
 Of things created first in grace  
 Be welcome in the holy place !  
 Thou teachest what the heavens sing,  
 God’s greatness in the smallest thing ;

Since He, who overlooks on high  
The worlds, hath here impressed His eye,  
And to this down such glory brings,  
The bird rebukes the pride of kings.  
Dost woo thy fame with modesty,  
No place too holy is for thee.

---

Two treasurers a monarch had,  
One for taking, one for spending :  
To such unthrift this one was tending,  
The other found the taking trade was sad.  
The ruler pondered when the spender died  
To whom the giving power he should confide ;  
But scarce could he consider who  
Than monstrous rich the taker grew ;  
When for a day one ceased to give,  
For gold the people scarce could live.  
Then to the monarch first 'twas plain  
How every mischief hatches gain :  
Of that good chance he made the most,  
And never filled the spender's post.

---

The new pot to the kettle said,  
“Thy belly has a smutty look !”  
“It is because I serve the cook.  
Snick up, snick up, thou ninnyhead,  
An end there 'll soon be to thy story :

So don't because the handle 's clean  
Go strutting in that conceited mien,  
But look at thy — 'retiring glory.' ”

---

All the people, great and small,  
Spin a web against the wall ;  
With nippers anxious for a bit  
Right smartly in the midst they sit.  
A broom comes travelling into it :  
Unheard of outrage — they exclaim,  
Greatest of palaces ! What a shame !

---

From heaven descending, Jesus brought  
The holy Writ's eternal thought.  
To his disciples day and night  
He read the Word that works with might,  
Then took it back the way it came.  
But they had rightly caught its aim,  
So, step by step, each one declared  
The way its sense within them fared,  
Each different. That 's of no account,  
In wit they varied and amount ;  
Yet Christians find in it to stay  
Their hunger till the judgment-day.

## IT IS GOOD.

In Paradise by moonlight spied  
The Lord his Adam sunk in sleep,  
Drew near, and softly by his side  
He placed an Eve in slumber deep.  
In limits of the clay expressed,  
God's two divinest thoughts there rest.  
'Tis good ! He cried, the skill to pay,  
And scarce could tear himself away.

No wonder that the spell is fine  
When eyes do first to eyes incline,  
As if the glances went so far  
We came to Him whose thoughts we are.  
And does He call us — be it so !  
Only, I bargain, both shall go.  
The limits of these arms enfold  
Thee, dearest thought God ever told.



## BOOK OF THE PARSEE.

---

THE Sun's bright teams already kindle,  
    Beyond the earth his chariots shine,  
The stars in flaming æther dwindle,  
    Escape into the night divine :  
And peak'd Parnassus, pathless, save  
    Unto the early wheel of day,  
Receives the light that mortals crave,  
    And rolls it on its way :  
The Pythia mounts the holy seat,  
    And morning clouds of incense fleet  
From crackling myrrh.

EURIPIDES.

IT was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.



## BOOK OF THE PARSEE.<sup>1</sup>

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### INHERITANCE OF THE OLD-PERSIAN FAITH.

WHAT inheritance, ye pious-hearted,  
Should descend to you from the departed  
Faith that with disciples' zeal you cherished,  
Held in honor in the days it perished ?

When we oft have seen the monarch riding,  
Gold on him, and all in golden priding,  
Precious stones at which the eyelid winces  
Sown like hail upon him and his princes,

Have ye envied as he thus went by ?  
No, but more augustly fed the eye,  
When the sun upon his morning pinion,  
O'er the peaks of Darnawend's dominion,

Rose and bent his bow ! None thought of turning  
From the sight : desire have I felt burning  
Times in me a many thousand summing  
With thee to do homage, and the coming

God to recognize upon His throne,  
Him as Master of the Life to own,  
Act deserving of the lofty sight,  
And to travel onward by His light.

When the fire-orb to full circle winded  
Rose, I stood as if in darkness blinded,  
Beat the breast, the freshen'd members throwing  
Face down on the dust before the glowing.

Let there to this retrospect of brothers  
Fall a wise bequest, descend to others, —  
*Duties strict in daily observation!*  
Stands instead no other revelation.

Lift the hands of every newly born  
That he may salute the sun at dawn,  
Soul and body in the fire-bath dipping,  
With the morning's golden freshness dripping.

To the birds for burial give over  
All the dead, and every carcass cover ;  
All that seems impure with utmost might  
From thy feeling bury out of sight.

Let each trench an even grace reveal,  
That the sun may love to gild the zeal ;  
Trees for planting, let them stand in rows,  
    ~ to Order such a practice goes.

Through the long canals the water leading,  
Let the flow preserve its lofty breeding ;  
Senderud from its mountain-lodges clear  
Sallies forth, so let it disappear.

Keep uncheck'd the gentle lapse of water,  
Make the ditches deep, and show no quarter  
Newt and salamander, weeds and rushes ;  
Clean them out, till bright the current gushes.

Earth and water cleared of all defaces,  
Glad the sun will range the airy spaces,  
Unto those by whom he 's fitly greeted  
There are life and health and profit meted.

'Twixt your travails caught and lacerated,  
Still have cheer, thus is the All illustrated :  
Then may man to priestly office bidden  
Strike God's image out the flint has hidden.

Flame is cheering as it sinks to embers ;  
Clear is Night, and soft relax the members.  
In the hearth's alert and fiery feature  
Ripens the crude juice of plant and creature.

Feed the wood, and have a joyful minute,  
For the seeds of earthly suns are in it :  
When ye pluck the cotton, whisper lowly,  
This is for a wick to lift the Holy.

If ye piously in each lamp's flicker  
See a hint of light that's higher, quicker,  
Never a mishap shall hinder meeting  
God upon His throne of morn for greeting.

'Tis the monarch-seal of every being,  
Spotless mirror for the angels' seeing :  
What in praise of Him ye only falter,  
Gathers there round altar after altar :

Leaves the shore of Senderud ascending,  
Over Darnawend its pinions bending  
Turns at dawning cheerly to address you,  
Ever from the mount of Light to bless you.

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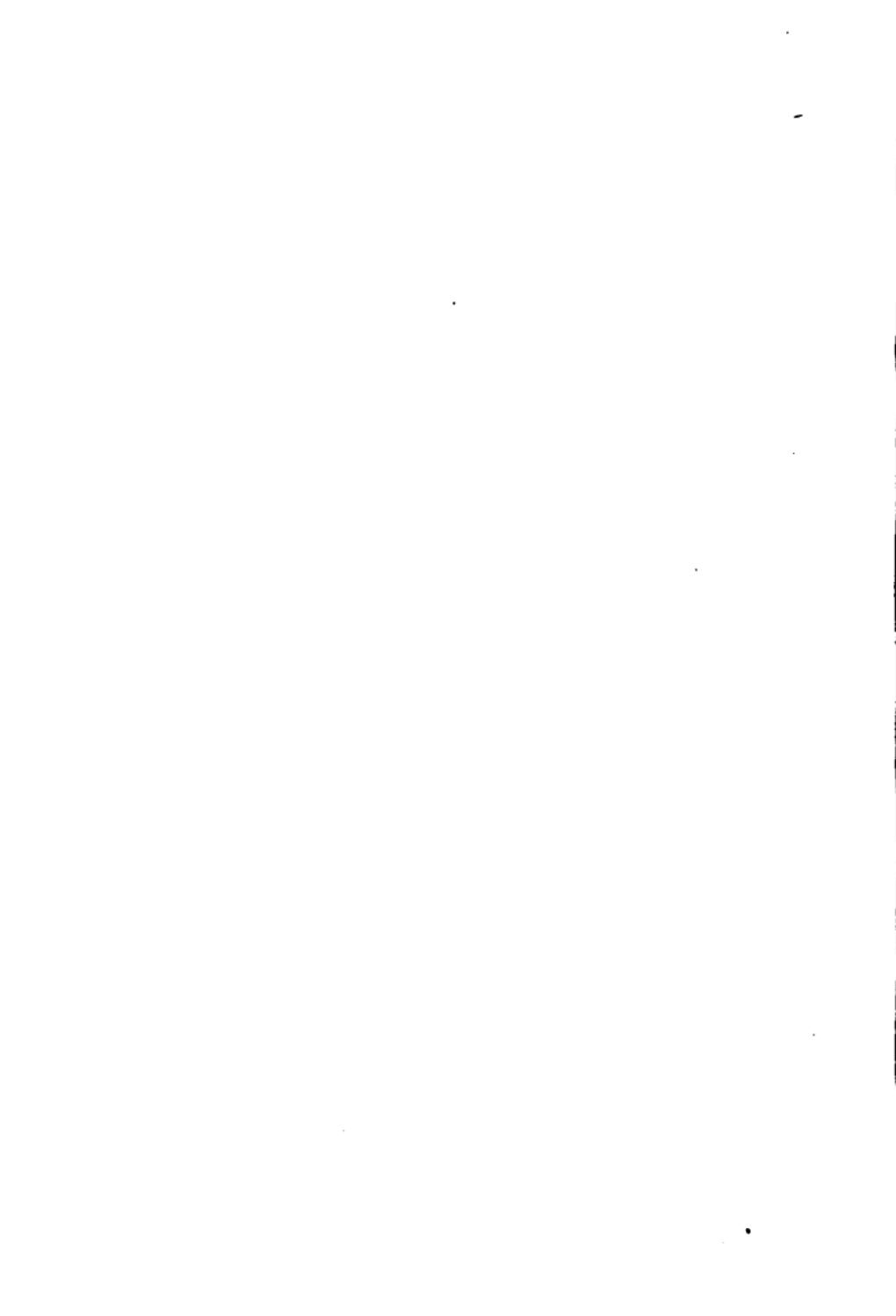
When on earth a man is happy,  
Since the sun takes there his nooning,  
And the vine delights, whose sappy  
Tear follows the sharp pruning,  
As in surmise that its juices,  
Mellow'd by the weather's brewing,  
Souls of many gaily looses,  
But brings many more to rueing :  
Then he thanks the sultry heaven  
Over all the blossoming :  
If to stammering some are given,  
Sober joy the others sing.

## BOOK OF PARADISE.

---

I WAS ever a fighter, so — one fight more,  
    The best and the last !  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
    And bade me creep past.  
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
    The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
    Of pain, darkness, and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
    The black minute 's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
    Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,  
    Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul !

BROWNING.



## BOOK OF PARADISE.

---

### FORETASTE.

THE real Moslem speaks of Paradise  
As if himself had been already there ;  
He trusts the Koran as it testifies,  
On its pure doctrine grounded, has no care.

But still the Prophet, framer of each verse,  
Above there has our weakness scented out,  
He sees that, spite the thunder of his curse,  
Our faith will oft embitter'd be with doubt.

Therefore he sends from the eternal places  
A type of youth, that maketh young again :  
Down floats she here, and with no lingering graces  
She puts around my neck the dearest chain.

Upon my bosom, at my heart I hold  
The pith of heaven, care not more to know :  
And now in Paradise believe tenfold,  
For I could be for ever kissing so.

THE ELECT.<sup>1</sup>

*After the Battle of Bedr, under the starry sky.*

MAHOMET *speaks.*

LET slain foes lamented be by others,  
No return of life to them is yonder:  
But waste not a tear upon your brothers,  
For above those spheres of light they wander.

All the Seven Planets turning steady  
On their metal hinges open wide,  
The transfigur'd comrades knock already  
At the gates of Paradise with pride.

And they find unhop'd-for joys unravel,  
Grandeurs which my flight had touched upon  
In the moments when my steed of marvel,  
All exploring, through the skies had gone.

Tree of knowledge like to cypress growing  
Apples lifts of golden charm in air,  
Leaves of Life an ample shade are throwing  
O'er the arbors screen'd with roses there.

Now a sweet wind from the East is hastening,  
 With it bands of heaven's maids have flown :  
 Art thou with the eyes already tasting,  
 Sated at the sight of them alone.

They inspect thee ; what hast thou adventur'd ?  
 Schemes of moment ? Perilous bloody rout ?  
 Hero thou must be since thou hast enter'd ;  
 What thy hero-feat ? They seek it out.

Soon they read it in thy wounds deep-letter'd  
 Which on thee have written honor's scroll.  
 Nought by luck and title art thou better'd,  
 'Tis the wound that makes thy record whole.

To kiosks they lead thee, to the bower  
 Pillar'd rich with precious stones alight,  
 Noble juice of gloried grapes they pour,  
 Sip confidingly and thee invite.

Welcome, youth ! To more than youth dost waken !  
 All alike and lucent are we plann'd ;  
 To thy heart when one of us is taken,  
 Mistress is she, sister of thy band.

She, superbest one, in such preferring  
 By thyself, is not too pleased and proud,  
 Frank, serene, beholds thee undemurring  
 With the others of the sumptuous crowd.

All of them in banquet-arts excelling,  
 Each will plan for thee a choice surprise ;  
 Many women hast, and peace in dwelling,  
 That makes worth the winning Paradise.

To those plenteous blisses then betake thee,  
 Never wilt thou weary nor decline ;  
 Whole relays of maidens cannot slake thee,  
 Never can intoxicate such wine.

---

Needs no more : enough to thus apprise  
 How the blessed Mussulman can boast :  
 Fully furnished thus is Paradise  
 With the men of faith, the hero-host.

### ELECT WOMEN.<sup>2</sup>

**W**HY should women be passed o'er  
 If their loyalty we ponder ?  
 Yet we know of only four  
 Hitherto arriving yonder.

First Suleika, earth's surprise,  
 Once toward Jussuph all desire,  
 Now, the bliss of Paradise,  
 Beaming with his chaster fire.

Then the blessed Mother, bearing  
Child to make the heathen whole,  
Cheated, saw with keen despairing  
How the cross her savior stole.

Wife of Mahomet, painstaking,  
For his fame content to plod,  
Happy for a lifetime making  
Her beloved and his God.

Then Fatima comes, the sunny  
Daughter, wife without a stain,  
Soul of an angelic strain  
In a body gold and honey.

All of these we find above there :  
And whom Frauenlob has praised,  
To those places should be raised,  
Fit with these to live and love there.

## PERMIT.

## HOURI.

**A**S I hold the watch to-day  
At the gate of Paradise,  
Shall I bid, or turn away ?  
Thou 'rt suspicious in my eyes !

Art thou Mussulman in spirit,  
 Truly kindred to the race ?  
 Have thy battles, has thy merit,  
 Thee commended to this place ?

Dost thou count among our heroes ?  
 Then point out the wounds to me  
 That record thee something famous,  
 And thy usher I will be.

#### **POET.**

Too much haggling at the portal !  
 Once for all now — let me in :  
 Know that I have been a mortal,  
 That's a fighter to have been.

Sharpen now thy powerful glances,  
 Through this bosom let them rove ;  
 See the malice of life's lances,  
 See the lusty wounds of love.

And my song was in faith's manner :  
 That a constant love might burn,  
 That the world unto its Planner  
 True might be, howe'er it turn.

And I worked toward my betters,  
With them, too ; until my name  
On the fairest hearts in letters  
Of delight began to flame.

No ! Thou choosest not poor singers ;  
Give thy hand, that day by day  
I upon the tender fingers  
Æons-full may count away.

## ACCORD.

## HOURI.

**A**CCORDING to command  
I watch often at the gate  
Near at hand  
Where I spoke with thee of late.  
There I heard a wondrous bustling,  
Tones and syllables a-rustling,  
As if 'twould come in :  
No one was there to be seen,  
Then it faded light and thin ;  
Sounded almost like thy song  
That I have remembered long.

## POET.

How tenderly, my treasure,  
Hast kept me in thy memory !  
All that in earth's air and measure  
Ever speaks in melody  
Would come here to stay.  
Heaps below exhale away ;  
Others with the spirit's flight and play,  
Like the Prophet's winged horse,  
Upward mount, and soft discourse  
Make without the gates.  
Hitting ear of any mates  
Of thine, pray let them give it heeding,  
Send a strengthen'd echo speeding  
To resound again below,  
In all cases taking care  
Whoso comes, his talent rare  
For the common good shall flow,  
To the common want reply :  
That will both worlds edify.

Thus with friendship to requite,  
And observant of his need,  
To live with them they will invite :  
Frugal the clever are indeed.

But thou art to me allotted,  
Cannot spare thee from the joys unspotted :

To patrolling thou must not repair ;  
Send an unclaimed sister there.

---

## POET.

Thy love transports me, and thy kiss !  
Into mysteries no quest I make ;  
Yet tell me, didst thou ever take  
Part in earthly days ?  
So oft there 's somewhat in thy ways  
That I could swear to, and would claim  
That once Suleika was thy name.

## HOURI.

We are from the elements created,  
From water, fire, air, and earth  
Direct : with scents of mortal birth  
Our high nature cannot blend.  
We never unto you descend ;  
Yet when you come with us to live,  
Quite enough to do you give.

For, look you, as the faithful came  
By Mahomet so well commended  
To make on Paradise their claim,  
There waited we, as he intended,  
So fit to charm and to surprise,  
The angels did not recognize.

As one by one they reached the door,  
Each had a favorite before :  
Compared with us a sorry set ;  
But they esteemed us cheaper yet ;  
Too clear and sparkling souls for men,—  
The Moslems would step down again.

Now we, the heavenly high-born,  
No such demeanor tolerating,  
To some revolt together sworn,  
Went to and fro a plan debating ;  
The Prophet riding through the skyey places,  
We ranged ourselves upon his traces :  
Returning unaware that way,  
The winged horse was brought to bay.

And there we held him in the crowd !  
In prophet fashion, friendly proud,  
He soon to us his views presented ;  
But we were very discontented.  
'Twas clear, his purpose to attain,  
Ourselves must touch and guide the rein ;  
We must contrive it, as you guess,  
To imitate your mistresses.

'Twas ruin to our self-respect ;  
The maidens hesitate, reflect  
That, after all, eternity  
Surrender of our Self must be.

Now sees each man what is to see,  
And him befals what is to be.  
We are the blondes, we are brunettes,  
We have caprices, even frets,  
Yes, now and then our trickeries :  
At home each Moslem thinks he is,  
And we are glad and gaily glow  
That they opine it must be so.

A freer mood is in thy eyes  
That I appear like Paradise ;  
Though I Suleika could not be,  
The kiss, the glance, is dear to thee.  
And yet as she was all too fair,  
So she was like me to a hair.

**POET.**

Thy splendor breeds in me confusion,  
Be it truth or but illusion,  
Enough — I do admire thee, treasure :  
In order not to slight her duty,  
And give a German greatest pleasure,  
A Houri speaks in doggrel measure.

**HOURI.**

But let thy rhyme exhaustless rise,  
Just as it from the soul is sent !

We comrades of a Paradise  
 Incline to word and deed of pure intent.  
 Dumb creatures, even, know we how to prize,  
 All truth and faithfulness are heaven-meant.  
 No Houri can a solid word despise ;  
 Our thirsty hearts a full heart slakes,  
 From living sources all that breaks  
 May flow at will in Paradise.

---

## HOURI.

Dost tap my finger, counting as we go !  
 Know'st thou, then, at what a gait  
 Of æons we have been intimate ?

## POET.

No ! and do not wish to — No !  
 Delight so manifold as this,  
 And ever the chaste and bridelike kiss !  
 When I am drenched by every second,  
 There can no lapse of time be reckoned.

## HOURI.

Dost ever in absence from me linger,  
 I need no dial of the finger  
 To mark the hours when thou dost plod  
 The worlds, and dare the depths of God.

Now on thy Houri waste some ages !  
Are ready yet thy songlet's pages ?  
How lilted it beyond the gate ?  
But I'll not be importunate :  
Sing over Suleika's songs again,  
Thou canst imparadise no finer strain.

*FAVORED ANIMALS.*

**F**OUR creatures too the promise hear  
To be in heaven nigh us :  
There live they the eternal year  
With all the saints and pious.

An Ass has precedence o'er them,  
He enters briskly striding :  
For Jesus into Jerusalem  
Upon his back went riding.

See next the Wolf half timid creep,  
Whom Mahomet directed  
To let alone the poor man's sheep ;  
Rich man's should be selected.

Next, brisk and brave, with wag and leap,  
His master's steps o'ertaking,  
The Dog who shared the Seven-Sleep,  
With all the Seven waking.

And here Abuherira's cat  
 Purrs round his lord and patters :  
 A holy beast is always that  
 Which hand of Prophet flatters.

## HIGHER AND HIGHEST.

**L**ET no one of us be scolded  
 For these things we like to teach :  
 Sense of them to have unfolded  
 Ask thy Deepest for its speech.

Then it will be comprehended,  
 That man, with himself in love,  
 Fain would see his *I* saved over,  
 As below here, so above.

Blessed *I* of mine is dipping  
 Into many a comfort clever :  
 As I here go pleasure-sipping,  
 So I'd have it fain for ever.

Here with gardens, pretty children,  
 Fruit and blossom never sated,  
 All delights should be delightful  
 No less to the soul translated.

I would bring all friends together,  
Young and old in charming jumble,  
Glad through Paradise's phrases  
In the German tongue to stumble.

But instead of that old stammer,  
List how man with angel coses,  
Hear a new, abstrusest grammar  
Poppies conjugate and roses.

Haply in rhetoric glances  
One may find himself exhaling,  
And the height of heavenly trances  
Without tone or accent scaling.

Tones themselves will be word-poems,  
Singing reason, clearly told ;  
Phrase distinctest of the spirit  
Can a spirit-tune unfold.

Single sense of heaven becoming  
Senses five mankind to please,  
I shall surely be resuming  
The whole Sense of all of these.

So I 'll visit all the places  
Easily through the endless round  
That is penetrate by phrases  
Of God's vital, speechless sound.

Hemm'd not by the cares diurnal  
Let there be of lives no end,  
Till in swoon of Love eternal  
We melt up, and with it blend.

### THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.<sup>8</sup>

**S**I X most favored at the palace  
Fly before the monarch's anger,  
Who as God exacted homage,  
But without a God's demeanor :  
For a fly that came at dinner  
Hindered him at every mouthful.  
Valets flourish fans to scare it,  
But the fly will not be driven,  
Buzzing round him, stinging, crawling,  
All the table aggravating,  
Like Beelzebub returning,  
Or his spiteful missionary.

Now — for so the youths consider —  
Should a flylet God embarrass ?  
Ought a God be drinking, eating  
As we others ? No, the Only,  
Who the sun and moon created,  
And o'rvaulted us with planets,  
He is God ! No longer stay we.

Mid their wandering a shepherd  
Finds the lightly shod, bedizened  
Youths, and hides them in a cavern,  
With himself too ; and his sheep-dog  
Will not leave, though always driven,  
Comes back limping, one paw shattered  
Thrusters himself upon his master,  
Joins himself unto the hidden,  
To the favorites of sleep.

And the prince they had deserted  
Thinks to punish, mortal angry ;  
Neither sword nor fire will serve him,  
But he has them walled securely  
In the cave with bricks and mortar.  
But a sleep unbroken holds them,  
And the angel, their protector,  
Says, before God's throne reporting :  
“ All the time to rightward, leftward,  
Have I kept them softly shifted,  
That the mould-damp may not tarnish  
In their limbs the youth and beauty.  
Crevices I made above them,  
That the sun at morn and even  
On their cheeks the bloom may freshen :  
So beatified they 're lying.”  
Also, on his mended fore-paw  
Sleeps the dog a pleasant slumber.

Come and go the years incessant,  
Till at length the youths awaken,  
And the weather-gnawn and crumbled  
Wall from very age had fallen.  
Then Jamblika, perfect beauty,  
Thorough-bred above the others,  
When the shepherd's fear detained him,  
Said, " Ill run, and bring you victual :  
Life I venture and a gold-piece."  
Ephesus for many a year past  
Loved the teaching of the prophet  
Jesus. (Peace be to the good one !)

As he came, there was the portal,  
Towers and wall and all things altered.  
Yet he turned toward the nearest  
Baker's shop in stress of hunger.  
Rogue, confess ! so cried the baker,  
Thou a treasure hast discovered !  
Give me, for thy gold betrays thee,  
Half of it to keep my favor !  
They dispute. Before the monarch  
Comes the business : so the monarch  
Wants a share too with the baker.

Slowly now a hundred tokens  
Come, the miracle confirming.  
Thus, a claim he can establish

To a palace once he builded :  
Tells what wealth he hid, and after  
Shows it, digging through a pillar.  
Straight whole families assemble  
With a title clear to kinship ;  
As great-great-grandsire parading  
Stands the lusty young Jamblika,  
Hears the names ancestral mentioned  
Of his children and grandchildren,  
Troops of great-grandchildren round him  
Gather like a manly people,  
Venerating him, the youngest ;  
So, one token on another  
Piled, the proof becomes completed :  
Of himself and his companions  
The identity established.

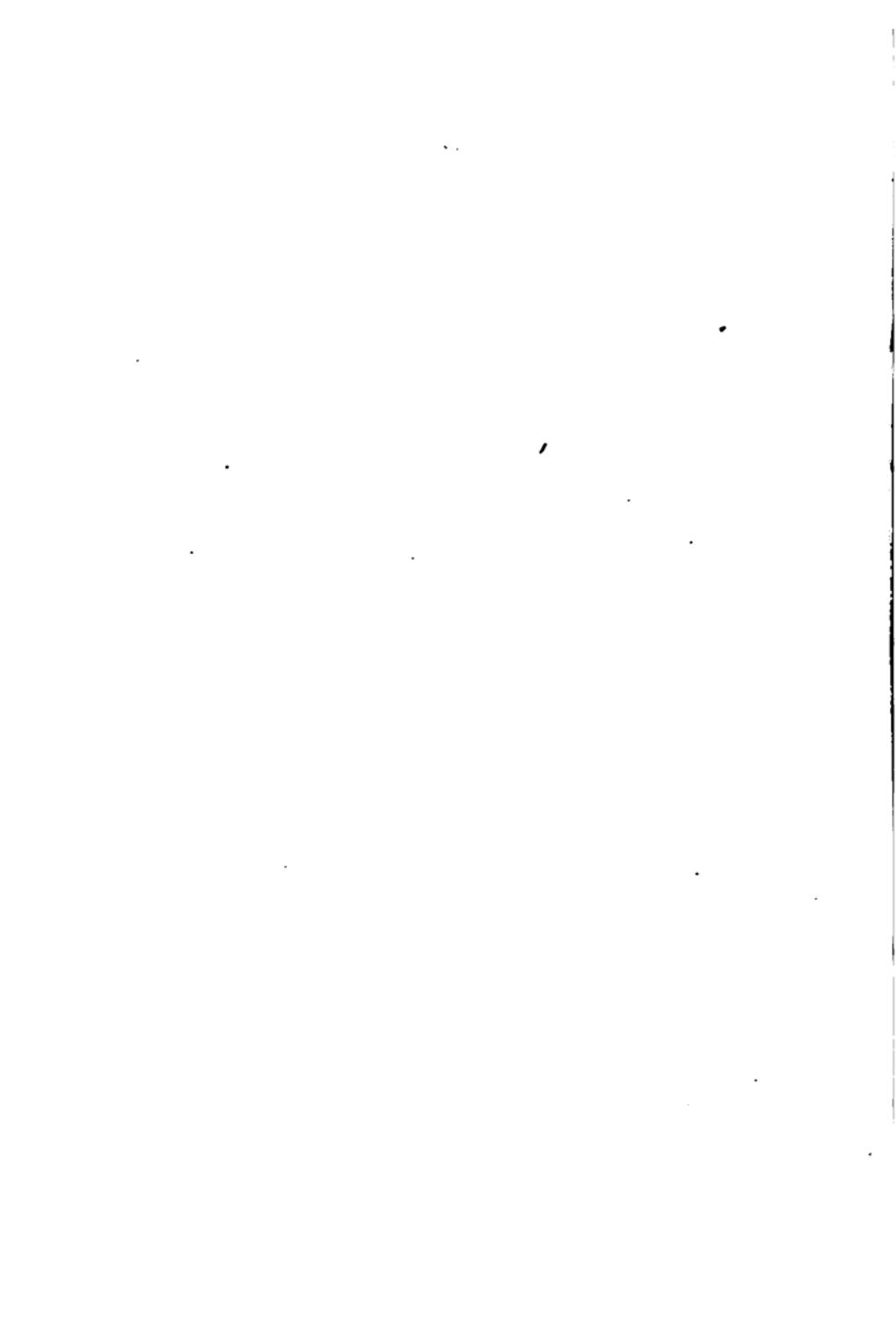
Now he seeks again the cavern,  
By the king and folk attended.

To the king and people never  
Turns again the youth elected ;  
For the Seven, who for long time  
Eight have been, the dog included,  
From the outer world secluded,  
Gabriel's mystic power has slowly,  
To the will of God according,  
Qualified for Paradise,  
And a wall concealed the cavern.

## GOOD NIGHT.

**G**O, dear songs, and with confiding  
Nestle on the German breast !  
Gabriel, in a musk-cloud hiding  
Weary limbs, watch o'er my rest,  
That, well kept and fresh of feeling,  
Glad, as ever, comrade-wise,  
**I** may cleave the vaulted ceiling,  
And o'er fields of Paradise,  
With the heroes of all ages,  
Mid the great enjoyments yonder,  
Beauty, Newness, for our pages,  
Through the measureless may wander,  
Marvelling at the host of blisses :  
And the faithful dog, too, misses  
Not the masters and the sages.

## **N O T E S.**



## N O T E S.

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### BOOK OF THE SINGER.

<sup>1</sup> The family of the Barmecides originated in Balkh. They were able, affluent, and famous for their love of the fine arts ; patrons and protectors of cloisters and institutions of learning. They furnished governors to provinces under the reign of Haroun ar Raschid (Aaron the Just), 786-809, and under later rulers of the House of the Abassids. "Time of the Barmecides" proverbially expressed an epoch of the liveliest and most sumptuous activity.

<sup>2</sup> *Chiser* is an Arabic name that appears variously spelled in books as *Khedr*, *Khizir*, and *Khizr*. Its meaning is the same as the Persian *Sebes*, green, which is the root of *Sabazios*, the Mithras of the Zendavesta. It was a trait of Mithras to make green the waste places : he was the Repairer, the Restorer. He expressed an element of the Nature-Worship which appeared in all the ancient local and ethnical names, including that of Dionysus, or Bacchus : the same ideas of the fructification of the earth in Spring, the revival of Nature from the death of Winter, the eternal process of generation, are transmitted through them from the earliest times and the remotest Eastern sources. Dionysus travelling from India into Libya is only the recurrence of these ideas of the restorative power of Nature. He is the Chiser who watches over the fountain of youth in Ethiopia, concerning which Herodotus, III. 23, reports that its use prolonged the life of the people.

Chiser is Spring and youth, the immortal green. As *Khizr* he is still a prophet in the mythology of a sect of Dervishes called Bektâshees, who relate that Moses learned the true path from him. Khizr, they say, became first immortal by drinking at the fountain of youth.

The Arabs used to think of Chiser as a deliverer in peril, an avenger of wrongs, a guide in the wilderness, an escorter of pilgrims to and from Mecca, the conductor of Moses through the Red Sea and the desert. He and Elias, sometimes confounded, protect travellers; the former is constantly journeying over the earth for that purpose, and the latter by sea.

The Persian sect of the Sufis mystically translated Chiser's spring into the divine love that renews.

In the outer wall of the Convent of St. Catherine, at Mount Sinai, are some niches in which the Arabs place pans of incense in honor of Khizr, or, as they interpret him, the Prophet Elias.

See, in chapter xviii. of the Koran, the adventures of Moses in search of Al Khedr.

<sup>3</sup> Among the gems and amulets which were favorites of Basilides, the Jewish Gnostic, there was the mystic stone *Abraxas*, which expressed his doctrine of the seven natures in each one of the 365 spiritual worlds: it represented the whole evolution from Deity. The word *Aβραξας* was formed according to the numerical values of the Greek letters: that is,  $\alpha = 1$ ,  $\beta = 2$ ,  $\rho = 100$ ,  $\alpha = 1$ ,  $\xi = 60$ ,  $\alpha = 1$ ,  $s = 200$ : the addition of the whole being the number of days in the year and of the Basilidean gradations of the spiritual world.

By these descriptions of oriental charms and talismans Goethe hints at his various styles throughout the "Divan." *Abraxas* is the enigmatic. Under the Signet-Ring he expects the reader's concurrence to make out all his meanings.

<sup>4</sup> The number of ninety-nine would have behaved awkwardly in Goethe's verse. The ninety-nine names or epithets which the Mohammedan applies to Allah exhaust His attributes. They are

written on paper and serve as personal amulets. His Prophet is also furnished with ninety-nine names which are used as charms. They are very effective in preserving a family and the house it lives in from damage. The Mohammedan rosary has ninety-nine beads, with a name to repeat at each.

The previous verse, "Allah's is the Orient," is by no means an ordinary Mohammedan sentiment, but it comes from Hafis, and expresses the tolerance or indifference of Sufism, concerning which see Note 4 to the "Book of Ill-Humor." Thus the verse, like many others of Goethe's, clothes in Oriental costume a genuine West-Easterly sense that is shared by the advanced thought in both countries. The origin of the sentiment of Hafis may be traced to the earlier time of Mohammedanism when the old custom of turning to Jerusalem during the act of worship, which the Arabs caught from the Jews, was diverted toward Mecca.

The points of the compass are not carefully conned by the Sufi who knows that all the winds which blow over all places are the waifs and strays of an Infinite Breath.

<sup>5</sup> The poet Saadi thus begins his introduction to the Gulistan, or Rose Garden, as translated by Ross. "Every breath that is inhaled is an elongation of life ; and when it is exhaled it exhilarates the spirits : accordingly, in every single breathing two benefits are forthcoming, and for each benefit a thanksgiving is owing."

<sup>6</sup> Hafis said that the dust out of which man was created was moistened with wine before it was moulded.

"O just Fakir, with brow austere,  
Forbid me not the vine ;  
On the first day, poor Hafis' clay  
Was kneaded up with wine."

The views of Hafis on the subject of drinking will find a place in the notes to the "Book of the Cup-Bearer."

The Arabs say that the first horse appeared when Adam sneezed at his awakening into life.

<sup>7</sup> Goethe was so often stimulated by circumstance to compose some of his finest poems that he used to call himself *Gelegenheitsdichter*, a Poet of Occasion. This poem is one of the kind. On a misty morning during a Rhine journey in 1814, the poet saw broad, beautiful fields of poppies suddenly lighted up by the sun through the driving vapor. The gay and peaceful sight was all the more deeply impressed upon him as it stood in sharp contrast with soldiers who were then marching by into the uproar of war.

<sup>8</sup> The flowing element of Oriental poetry which for a time enchanted Goethe who was a genuine and unrepealable Hellenist.

<sup>9</sup> A zealous and powerful Mohammedan ruler, whose chief seat was at Ghazna in Zabulistan, which was the northern part of the present Afghanistan and bordering on the Punjaub. He was a famous idol-breaker, and extended his rule over parts of India, proselyting at the edge of the sword. Hating images, like all followers of Mohammed, he broke up the monstrous idols, sent pieces of them to holy spots as trophies, and appropriated the jewels and gold which had been concealed in them for safety. His father was a young Turk who was raised to the throne in A.D. 977. The dynasty was called Ghasnavid, from its chief city ; its princes loved art and literature, and the Persian poet Ferdusi (937-1020) was a great favorite at the court. Another poet, Feriduddin, celebrated Mahmud's breaking of the idol Lát which earned for him a title equivalent to "iconoclast."

<sup>10</sup> Zelter set this song to music. In a letter to Goethe he mentions that it was admired in a certain circle . but that a rather heavy listener asked him who was meant by the "sorry guest," — in the original, "trübe Gast," sorry fellow. As the Philistine was a guest of the occasion, Zelter improved his chance to say, "It must be thyself."

The fate of the moth in the taper is a favorite Eastern symbol of overpowering and heroic attraction. So is the iron and load-stone, straw and amber, male and female date-trees, the ball and the bat. The ancient Persian game of Polo, played on horseback

with ball and hockey, served the poets with frequent allusion. "Let my head be the ball in the Polo-Ground, and perhaps the Shah will strike it with his bat, and so speed my fortune." "How long wilt thou, handless and footless, be the ball of fate? Though by a hundred paths thou boundest, thou canst not escape the bat. Put thy head on the Shah's path." In the poem beginning "Dust for thee is elemental" (p. 18), Goethe produces a favorite allusion of the Persians. "Only that countenance is fortune's mirror which has been rubbed in the dust at his horse's hoofs." And with great frequency the dust helps the abject lover. "The dust of her walking is the tent of my hope: dust from thy feet is pleasanter than water." "My face lay in the road, but the feet did not pass over it."

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## BOOK OF HAFIS.

<sup>1</sup> Mohammed Schems-ed-din, surnamed *Hafis*, "the remembrer," that is, one grounded in the Koran; he was born at Shiráz: the date is uncertain. His death occurred in 1388. He loved Shiráz, as Charles Lamb did London, and was quite as loath to leave it. Once he set out to visit the court of an Indian prince who was a great patron of genius. But, undertaking to go by sea from Hormuz on the Persian Gulf, the disgust inspired by sea-sickness was so great that he found some pretext for returning: "The infliction of one of its waves would not be compensated by a hundred-weight of gold.\*

A pretty story is extant in Persian tradition, relative to a turning point in his youth when he began to devote himself to thought and poetry. *Per i sebez*, or The Green Old Man, is a spot near

\* Sir Gore Ouseley's "Notices of Persian Poets."

Shiráz where a person should pass forty successive nights without sleep in order to become a poet. Hafis spent the forenoons before the house of his mistress, but went for thirty-nine nights to The Green Old Man. On the morning of the fortieth the girl beckoned to him and declared her love. She pressed him to stay, but remembering his vow he broke away from her. On the next morning he was met by the Old Man in a green mantle, Chiser himself, who gave him a cup of the immortal draught.

Goethe has a note on Hafis. Alluding to Protestant Germany in the 18th century, he says : "Not only clergymen, but laymen as well, made themselves so familiar with the Holy Scriptures that they were live concordances, and used to account for every sentence and to tell where and in what connection to find it ; they knew leading passages by heart, and were always ready to make any application of them. We must confess that a great source of culture was thus opened to such men, because the memory was constantly engaged with worthy objects ; thus it preserved for the feeling and judgment good stuff for their use and enjoyment. They were called Bible-fast, and this surname conferred special dignity and a conspicuous recommendation."

"This practice, which originated among Christians in good-will and natural disposition, was a duty among Mohammedans. As they esteemed it a great merit in a fellow-believer to multiply, or cause to be multiplied, copies of the Koran, it was one no less to learn it by heart, to adduce appropriate texts on every occasion, for edification and the settlement of controversy. Such persons received the title of honor, *Hafis*, the chief name that designates our poet."

Goethe had a lively appreciation of the Bible, which ran far beyond its literary excellence. In the notes to the "Divan" he reproduced an old treatise upon "Israel in the Desert ;" it was written with respect and care, and attempted to verify Scripture places and persons. But in many points it would now be considered obsolete. He says of the Bible, "Let a place in this connec-

tion be conceded to it. For as all our wanderings in the East have been occasioned by the Holy Scriptures, we are always reverting to them as fountain-waters of the most refreshing kind, although they become turbid here and there, run underground, but spring forth again fresh and clear." So that he may be allowed his figure of St. Veronica's handkerchief in this little poem on Hafis's surname.

"As Dervish, Sufi, Scheik, Hafis taught in the place of his birth. He was employed upon theological and grammatical labors, and gathered a great concourse of scholars."

The poems of Hafis have frequently a sensuous and sceptical tone which seems to contradict the seriousness of his pursuits. I will translate Goethe's remarks upon this point, as a contribution to his idea of the poet's mission. "The reproach is lifted when we reflect that the poet need not strictly think and live all that he expresses ; not he, at least, who is modernly involved in complicated circumstances which require some rhetorical simulation and a setting forth of matter that will be pleasantly heard by his contemporaries. This seems to me throughout the case with Hafis. Just as a story-teller has no faith in the enchantments which he mirrors forth, but is only bent upon enlivening and presenting them in the best way to delight his hearers, so the lyric poet has no need to practise all the details of the art that pleases and flatters the lofty or the common mind. Hafis seems to have very lightly appraised his easily flowing verses, for they were not collected till after his death."

Goethe should have recognized the genuine truth of Nature which appeared in the poems of Hafis, as it did in Omer Khayam, and as it does in his own. The sensuousness and the scepticism belonged to Hafis and to his period. Shakspeare, whose lines were also collected after death, would break the warning that is lettered over his grave, and move his bones against such an apology for having been a child of Nature.

In the notes upon the "Book of the Cup-Bearer" are some

considerations upon the extravagant glorifying of tippling which is found among the Persian poets.

<sup>2</sup> As Hafis held the position of religious teacher, his contemporaries were sure to be scandalized at the freedom of his verse and manner. Frequently they made a jealous point of it to destroy his popularity. A Prince who made some pretension to poetic composition, and therefore disliked Hafis, was more embittered still by an imprudent retort of the poet who never calculated his independence. So he pounced upon a couplet which might be wrested into a denial of a future life. It ran thus : "If this be the true faith that Hafis professes, Alas ! that to-day should be followed by a to-morrow!"

The Prince cited the poet to appear before the Ulema and pressed his condemnation. But a friend learning of the plot to ruin his character gave him warning. The poet adroitly prefixed the offending couplet with a fresh one : "How sweetly the song stole on my ear this morning from the Christian cup-bearer at the door of the tavern, accompanied by the drum and flute, when he said," &c. And the complaint was turned against the Prince.

When Hafis died, the ecclesiastical people at Shiráz refused to say prayers over him as an infidel. After much expostulation of friends the matter was submitted in true Oriental fashion to the *Fâl*, the Book-Oracle, which in this case was tried by the drawing of a lot. Different verses of his were written upon slips of paper and put into an urn : a child who could not read drew one forth. It happened to run thus, and settled the matter : "Fear not to approach the corpse of Hafis ; for, although sunk deep in sin, he will rise to Heaven."\*

At the tomb of Hafis at Shiráz, a copy of his poems is kept which visitors customarily use to try their luck with the *Fâl*. The ordinary method is by closing the eyes and opening the leaves with the finger, observing the ode which stands on the

\* Sir Gore Ouseley's "Notices of Persian Poets."

right hand. If the ode does not begin there, the page is turned to find it. Kings, princes, all classes, have preserved this custom for centuries. Nadir Shah, in the presence of his army, sought a *Fâl*, and probably managed to have an encouraging one turned up. The verse ran, "Cathay and Tartary tremble at the glance of thy vivid eyes : China and India must pay tribute to thy curled locks."

In this poem, "Indictment," Hafis alleges as his apology the fine frenzy in which the poet must always write.

But the verse contains an allusion to Mohammed's spite against poets which he expressed in chap. xxvi. of the Koran, entitled "The Poets." Did the infidels declare that the Devil descended with the Koran? The Koran is not for infidels : they can neither compose nor understand such a book which is inspired by Allah. But I'll tell you upon whom the devils do descend : upon lying and knavish persons, who conform to what the devils impart. "And those who err follow the steps of the poets : dost thou not see that the poets rove as bereft of their senses through every valley, and that they *say* that which they *do* not, except those who believe?"—*i.e.*, poets who are genuine Moslems.

Plato fabled that Homer was in hell because he imputed so many immoral transactions to the gods : in his scheme of education he went so far as to reject Homer on the ground of the injury which this charming looseness would do to the youthful mind.

But there was an especial reason for this outburst of the Prophet against the poets, about whom at other times he could speak more sanely : "With God rest treasures beneath the throne itself, and the keys thereto are the tongues of poets." When he said that "poetry is the Devil's psalter," he was smarting under the attacks of the epigrammatists of the old religion. When at the battle of Bedr he defeated his own tribe, which was opposed to him, it revenged itself very neatly with feathered satire of his peculiarities, the epilepsy, the amorousness, &c. And maddening dirges were improvised in memory of the slain. An old Jewish

lady, who liked her own monotheism better than his,—perhaps on account of the Houris,—is still remembered for her squibs which so annoyed him. “By Him in whose hand my soul is,” he cried, “these satires wound me more than arrows.” For he was indeed of a most delicate and sensitive nature which did not know how to contrive some protective shelter. He called the poets of his own side to his aid, but they could not cope with the piquancy of the other party. After his death all the poets and story-tellers derived abundant authority for their gift from the *Sunnah*, that is, oral tradition, transmission of the Prophet’s sayings, which was valued next to the Koran, and sometimes above it.

<sup>3</sup> *Fetwa* is a Turkish word meaning decree, decision, as to agreement with the doctrine of the Koran. Ebusuud, a pious Mufti of great consideration, is here represented as issuing his *Fetwa* concerning Hafis.

<sup>4</sup> In Persian poetry the tall, slim beauty is always called a cypress. “A cypress, whose root was nourished by the limpid stream of pure affection.” The Persians do not appear to have relished the buxom and bounteous style. Their poets celebrate slenderness: the waist must be nearly invisible, and the form “straight as the equinoctial line.” “Take care not to put a hair around Suleika’s waist, lest it be sundered.” If the mouth was scarcely large enough to give exit to her honeyed speech it was considered to be an advantage, possibly with a view to matrimony. But the lips must be of a hue to force “the red cornelian to hide himself in his parent rock.”

The cypress was first brought from Paradise by Zoroaster and planted at Furmid. Another mythological cypress exists in Cashmir.

Heine preserves the Oriental flavor when he says of a beautiful face which he saw, “It was a sweet, transparent incarnation of summer-evening air, moonshine, nightingale’s notes, and rose-perfume.”

Nizami, describing a woman’s dejection, says, “That beautiful

cypress-tree became as thin as a toothpick." In Arabic, ringlets and scorpions are permutable terms, from their dark color or agitated movement. "When they said that a hair placed in water and exposed to the sun becomes a serpent, I did not credit their words; but when the ringlets of my beloved settled on the water of her face and stung my heart, I found the statement true."

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### BOOK OF LOVE.

<sup>1</sup> The pairs of lovers who are famous in Oriental poetry, around whom traditional feelings of admiration have gathered for romantic reasons, converting them into conventional models of various excellences.

I. Rustan and Rodawn listened to descriptions—"word-sketches"—of each other, and fell in love without having met.

II. Joseph and Suleika figure as the stock-pair of Eastern poetry. Suleika saw the image of Joseph in a dream before they ever met. She is identified with the wife of Potiphar, and he is supposed to have married her after the death of her husband. Whoever will may read their story in the twelfth chapter of the Koran, entitled "Joseph." Sometimes the Mohammedan divines use their mutual love in a mystical sense, to represent the union between the finite and infinite; just as modern theologians spoil the Song of Solomon by imputing its erotic vein to Christ's partiality for his church. So Dschajadewa's Lay of Krishna's love has received a pietistic exegesis to cover its sensuousness.

There is a poem called "The Assemblies of Lovers;" of Sufi, or mystical, origin. Meetings of seventy-five lovers represent the desire of the soul to be united to the Divinity whence it proceeded. Nearly all of these lovers are Sheiks and poets who were innocently attached to beautiful persons of their own sex.

III. Ferhad was crazed with love at the sight of the Armenian princess Shirin, who was a Christian.

IV. Medschnun and Leila, who were for ever separated by the will of parents, were favorite subjects of poetical sentiment. *Medschnun* is a surname meaning Madman, that is, transported by divine or human love : he earned it by the persistency and hopelessness of his love for Leila. His real name was Kais. A person longed to see the Leila (*Ar. Night*) who had been made so famous by this love. When his wish was gratified, and a rather plain female was presented to him, he said, "Art thou the person for whom Kais lost his reason ? I do not see that thou art so beautiful." Leila replied, "Hush ! thou art not Medschnun." Petrarch and Laura, Abelard and Heloise, Geoffrey Rudel and the Countess, are not more tenderly remembered in the West.

V. Boteinah was well advanced in years, but Dschemil's eyes of love were fountains of Chiser endowing her with perpetual youth.

VI. Solomon's brunette is not the maiden of the Song, but the historical Queen of Sheba.

<sup>2</sup> Nizami's verse is imitated in these lines. He was the poet of the famous lovers of the East ; and was continually describing how nature, custom, gifts, inclination, a divining sense, a passion, brought them together, and how caprices, tricks of fortune, accidents, violence, severed them, to be wonderfully brought together again, only to be torn apart. All this was handled in a tender and ideal manner. Here is one of his parables :—

Lord Jesus, wandering through the world,  
Came to a market-place one day :  
A dead dog on the pavement lay,  
A crowd of people stood around,  
As vultures round a carcass gather.  
One said : "The brain within my skull  
Completely quenched is by the smell."  
Another : "Better let it be,

There's ill-luck in this trash of graves."'  
So every man his ditty sung,  
The dead dog's body to despise.  
But when it came to Jesus' turn,  
Without contempt, in happy wise,  
Out of his kindly nature, said,  
"See how his teeth are white as pearls!"  
Bystanders at this word for shame  
Glowed through and through like red-hot shells.

Goethe notes the fineness of the simile in the last line, of the muscles that once glowed with the universal life, still preserved, but only in shape and substance, in the limestone formation which the Persians calcined for building purposes. "When in the night these organic remains appear incandescent, the eye can behold no nobler image of a deep and secret torture of the heart, or of that seething hot feeling which saturates a man when a just reproach goes through the twilight of his self-sufficiency."

The whole parable may serve as a good illustration of that tact of the Eastern fancy for ennobling the meanest objects.

**8 The Lapwing.** This queer and solitary bird has attracted popular notice in all countries. An English etymologist observes that her name has been derived from her note in various languages: in Arabic, *Hudhud*; Persian, *Bubu*; Danish, *Bibé*; Coptic, *Kukupha*; Hebrew, *Dukiphath*; French, *Put put*, and Rabelais calls her *Whoop*; in country German she is *Wutwut*; in Hungarian, *Babuka*; Russian, *Udod*. She is the bird into which Tereus was changed, and in rustic Greek, *πού, πού*.

Goethe notes the peculiarity of her flying alone, her skimming to pick the insects and larvæ in dirt and carrion, letting the wings droop (lapwing) with bobbing motions, and going along as if with a cane. Her flight is soft and still, and she lifts her crest with a gesture of attention, appearing to signal something to man.

These traits of this solitary bird popularly elected her to be a messenger. She and the East-wind are Oriental go-betweens.

The hoopoo was the love-messenger between Solomon and Balkis, Queen of Saba (Sheba). See in Sale's Koran a note to chap. xxvii., concerning Solomon and the various services of the lap-wings.

<sup>4</sup> A Sheik who was filled with a longing to know whether God, the object of his highest love, had any thought for him. On Arafat he learned that the object of his tenderness had asked after him, calling him by name, as an Oriental lover ventures to do. He was transported with joy, and loudly crying threw off his mantle to kneel upon it in adoration and prayer. It suffices the genuine lover to know that his Only one thinks of him and pronounces his name. He is willing to be stripped and disclosed. The gossips may be left outside where it is none of their business. Probably Goethe often envied the old Sheik's enraptured isolation upon Arafat; and the respectable German public as often wanted to invade it.

Arafat is an isolated mount of granite, about 200 feet high, twenty miles outside of Mecca. During the annual pilgrimages to the holy city, this mount is visited once by all the pilgrims, high and low. The plain is covered with long streets of tents furnished with bazaars in which every kind of refreshment is sold. When Burckhardt was there in 1814, he counted about three thousand tents,—from the handsome ones of Pashas and officers and the gorgeous enclosures devoted to some women of the Egyptian court, down to the carpets and sheepskins propped on sticks. The great majority of the pilgrims had no covering at all. He reckoned that twenty-five thousand camels were grazing, and seventy-five thousand people were assembled there, representatives of forty languages. During the reading of the sermon, the preacher frequently paused to invoke blessings on the crowd who then with loud cries waved their skirts in the air. "The sides of the mountain, thickly crowded as it was by the people in their white garments, when they waved had the appearance of a cataract of water; while the green umbrellas, with which several thousand

pilgrims, sitting on their camels below, were provided, bore some resemblance to a verdant plain."

The reason for this imposing ceremonial at Arafat (sometimes confounded in print with Ararat) may be found in Sale's Koran; I. 193, 216; and is connected with the appearance of Adam in the Arabian mythology. But Mohammedans also are willing to believe that Abraham brought Ishmael (not Isaac) to this mountain to be sacrificed, and that the ram was there his substitute. On the return of the pilgrims from Arafat, they stop in the plain and sacrifice some cattle to commemorate the ransom.

As the Sheik was happy on Arafat at the mention of his name, so Medschnun showed his unhappiness because at the hour of death he had to desire that his name might never more be mentioned by Leila.

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#### BOOK OF REFLECTIONS.

<sup>1</sup> The *Pend-Nameh*, Book of Reflections, written by Feriduddin, A.D. 1119-1229. Attaining this extraordinary age, he was killed by a soldier of Dschingis-Khan. Another soldier pitied him, and offered to buy his life at a great price. The poet, wishing to die, advised his captor to wait and get more for him. Still another soldier coming up, seeing how decrepit he was, offered a bag of fodder. "Ah, that's my value!" said the poet, "sell me." His captor did so in rage at having missed his first chance, and the purchaser then slew him.

The third and fourth lines of Goethe's verse contain a sentiment from the *Pend-Nameh*. And Feriduddin also said, "It is a greater merit to give one drachma with one's own hand than to leave a hundred to be given away after one's death."

<sup>2</sup> In the original, *Gänsespiel*, goose-game, equivalent to *Gänsemarsch*, single file, yet containing some allusion to a game like

fox and geese, or the Mansion of Happiness, in which at certain stations the player turns.

<sup>3</sup> The Peer is Hafis, who was a favorite of the famous Schah, or rather of his Vizier, who was a particular patron of the poet. Goethe's verse assumes an equality with Hafis.

<sup>4</sup> There is no luck in serving two masters, but the highest luck in being discovered by Karl August of Weimar and his Queen Louisa, and in discovering what service there was to the poet in serving them. That admirable woman, the Queen, never omitted her weekly visit to Goethe, on which occasions his conversation is said to have been most varied and brilliant. His influence over the Duke was uniformly beneficial, in matters of art, of administration, and social life. The Duke's invitation to reside at Weimar was accepted in the winter of 1775. He broke away from Frankfort and Lili (Fräulein Schönemann), disappointed his father who wished to make a lawyer of him, and began under the happiest auspices a career which only closed with his death at Weimar, shortly after the Queen's last visit to him in March, 1832.

<sup>5</sup> The famous author of the epic poem, *Shah Nameh*, Book of Kings. He was born A.D. 937, and died A.D. 1020. His father was a gardener. About the time of his birth, the father dreamed that he saw the coming child stand upon the roof of a house, "and turning toward Mecca utter a loud shout which was answered by voices from all sides." It did not turn out to be a "barbaric yawp" over the roofs of the world. And of course the dream was famously interpreted.

His surname, *Firdusi*, Paradise, was the name of a garden which his father had the care of, and in which he began to write his epic. The stream that ran through this garden was subject to frequent overflowings which disturbed the poet's delight in this attractive solitude. It is said that these incidents stimulated his work with the hope that it might bring in returns sufficient for him to confine the stream within banks of masonry.

Sultan Mahmud promised him a thousand drachms of gold for

every thousand couplets of the Shah Nameh. When sixty thousand were completed, a Vizier whom he had offended represented to the Sultan that the sum was preposterous considering the depleted state of the treasury. So sixty thousand drachms of silver instead of gold were sent to the poet. He met them as he was coming out of a bath, and indignantly distributed the whole sum to the messenger, the bath-proprietor, and a sherbet-vender. He felt that the imprudent act would drive him from the court ; but, having involved himself so far, he thought to finish the business neatly by sending a couplet to the Shah : "The hand of Shah Mahmud, of noble origin, is nine times nine and three times four." Concerning this, Mr. E. Palmer, a distinguished Orientalist says : "The allusion is to a particular method of counting with the fingers. This notation is much used in the East, especially by Persian horse-dealers, as a means of conducting a business transaction privately between two parties, the price being named and agreed upon while apparently merely shaking hands. To express ninety-three (the above, by simple arithmetic) the hand must be entirely closed, and a 'close fist' in Persian is synonymous with niggardliness, just as an 'open hand' is the symbol of liberality. To say, then, that the Shah Mahmud's hand is ninety-three, is equivalent to calling him close-fisted or miserly."

This Parthian dart, feathered with figures, rankled for a long time in the pride of the Shah ; and the poet's exile lasted many years. At length he became properly advised of the treachery of the Vizier, and felt the impropriety of repudiating an obligation that was payable in gold, especially when the bond-holder was a poet. He therefore despatched a messenger to Firdusi with the sixty thousand drachms of gold, and a magnificent present by way of interest. "As the loaded royal camels entered at one gate of the city, a bier with the remains of the immortal poet passed through another to his place of sepulture." \*

\* Sir Gore Ouseley's "Notices of Persian Poets."

The poet's daughter refused the present. But the poet's youthful desire to commemorate his beloved garden and control its stream was carried out by employing the money in the erection of an embankment.

The first and second lines reproduce a sentiment of Firdusi's : the rest are Goethe's.

<sup>6</sup> Born at Balkh A.D. 1195: died A.D. 1262. Author of a mystical poem on the Love of God, highly esteemed by the Sufi school. He taught that every human longing will be finally explained and pacified, when the union of the finite with the infinite mind is made complete. And he said : "I am neither Mohammedan, Christian, nor Jew ; but an emanation from the Divine Spirit."

### BOOK OF ILL-HUMOR.

<sup>1</sup> Concerning this book, Goethe says that, although the mood of chagrin is rooted in egotism, "a man cannot always restrain its expression : he indeed does well in trying to ventilate his disgust, especially when his activity is disturbed and hindered."

"In the East, the ruler is the first to make assumptions which appear to exclude all others. All owe him service, he is self-governor, no one governs him, and his own will creates the rest of the world, so that he can compare himself with the sun, and even with the universe. But it is noticeable that, for this very reason, he is compelled to select a co-regent, who seconds him on this unbounded field, and helps sustain him upon the throne of all the worlds. This coadjutor is the Poet, who works near to and with him, and extols him above all mortals. When many talents gather at his court, he sets over them a poet-king, thereby showing that he recognizes the highest talent to be his equal. Consequently, the poet is obliged and induced to think as highly of himself as of the Prince, and to regard himself as co-possessor of

the greatest traits and good fortunes. And he is confirmed in this by the enormous presents which he receives, by the property which he accumulates, by the influence which he exercises. He becomes so firmly set in this way of thinking, that a miscarriage of his expectations upsets his mental balance."

Then, as illustration, Goethe tells the story of Firdusi, given above from another source. The incident was not uncommon, for these favorite poets had a genius for assumption ; their claims were as broad as their pride, and they could dare toward the Shah a behavior which was surprisingly well tolerated, except when the jealousies of other parties woke the royal pride. Khakani, for instance, was so familiar with his Shah, that he sent to him on one occasion the following couplet : "Bestow on me a warm vest in which I can wrap up my breast, *or* a fair slave whom I can fold to my bosom." The little particle, *or*, seemed to reflect upon the Shah's generosity ; and, the couplet finding him in an unseasonable mood, he was thrown into such rage that he sent an order of punishment to the poet. Khakani caught a fly, pulled off its wings and feet, and sent back the messenger with the fly and a couplet : "I wrote the word *with*, not the unhappy word *or*, but this naughty fly alighted on the dot of the Ba (with) while the ink was still wet, and with its feet extended it into a double dot ya (or), and thus misrepresented my confidence in your generosity." The poet's favor was restored ; but when he subsequently desired to retire from court, the Shah imprisoned him for seven months.

A phrase of subtle allusion could enrage a Prince, another subtle phrase could obliterate the impression. The poets made many witty ventures. Selman sat up late with Sultan Oweis, and was lighted to his room by a chamberlain with a golden candlestick. Next morning the Sultan sent for it ; but the poet returned only a couplet, to the effect that the taper consumed itself with grief at their separation, but he shall be consumed if the Sultan reclaims its stand. This time the Sultan laughed, and merely re-

marked that it was difficult to get a golden candlestick back from a wit.

The poets were so accustomed to receive enormous presents that their expectations learned to correspond. One day the poet Kamal was talking with Mirán Sháh, a son of Timur, and managed to inform him that he was deeply in debt. The Prince sent an order to his treasurer, and in a few minutes ten thousand gold dinárs were in the poet's possession. Another poet for an apt and seasonable couplet had his mouth filled with pearls.

The Mogul emperor Jehángér gave Neziri three thousand acres of land for a single couplet whose flattery was as extravagant as the price it brought. The same poet one day asked the emperor's general, as if merely *à propos* of something, what was the bulk of a lac of gold rupees. The noble sent the sum in a lump : the poet meant, perhaps, really to restore it, but the noble would hear nothing of the kind.

The weight of an elephant in gold was a present to another lucky poet who lived in those blessed patriarchal days when no publishing middlemen stood between him and the public favor. The beautiful manuscripts, illuminated and adorned with miniatures, on various silks and parchment, were the pride of copyists. Kings and poets themselves vied in writing handsomely, and in possessing the most perfect specimens of handwriting : so Goethe was mightily pleased when he learned to write Arabic well. It was an age when the patronage of the Prince was seriously dispensed : the love of art and letters, the privilege of fostering genius, the sacred zeal to promote a literature that was inspired by Mohammedanism, all this was a genuine national characteristic. About the time of Mohammed, the Fables of Bidpai and the game of chess were introduced from India by Nuschirwan at enormous expense. No wonder that Goethe's mood of chagrin became a trait of these petted poets. It is a true West-Easterly feeling.

I recur to some remarks of Goethe. "From the throne, down through every step, to the Derwisch at the street-corner, every-

body is full of assumption, full of worldly and spiritual *hauteur* that is ready to spring violently forth at the slightest pretext.

"If one will only consider it, this moral fault appears quite remarkably in the West. Modesty is properly a social virtue that points to a wide culture ; it is an external self-renunciation which, when it rests upon great internal worth, is regarded as the highest quality of a man. So we hear the crowd always praising chiefly modesty in the foremost men, without particular regard to their other qualities. But modesty is always allied with dissimulation, and a kind of flattery which is all the more effective when it is bestowed without another's importunity, and does not perplex his comfortable complacency. But as that which is called good society consists in a denial of one's self, which tends toward the point of making society entirely null, a talent must be developed for understanding how to flatter the conceit of others while we enjoy our own.

"But we laymen may well be reconciled to the pretensions of our Western poet. A kind of swagger should not be wanting to the Divan if it would in some degree represent the Oriental character."

"But touching the 'Book of Ill-Humor' something no doubt may be found to blame. Every discontented person too clearly declares that his personal expectation has not been fulfilled and his merit not recognized. Nothing constricts him from above, but he suffers from below and from either hand. An exacting crowd, often shallow, often spiteful, with its chorus-leaders, lames his activity : at first he arms himself with pride and scorn, but then, if he is too sharply piqued and pressed, he feels strong enough to hew his way through it all."

Goethe's "Book of Ill-Humor" begins with a chorus of suspicious wonder. Whence did he derive this new talent which has struck a spark into the tinder of the German youth ; and what is the meaning of it all ? The Book frequently discloses his mortification at the quasi-literary snobbery which undertook the appraising of his genius, and alleged moral and patriotic reasons for

consigning him to an oblivion which he does not appear to have earned. It is the misfortune of reviews and journals that they are obliged to keep in their pay a corps of light-horsemen who are thrown out to feel of every position, report their twilight observation of a fresh camp, bring in their surmise of the number, quality, and importance of people who are busy in taking up a new position on a ground not well explored. Modern society insists upon being furnished with a safe and concentrated opinion upon all over-night occurrences as cream to its morning coffee. The demand is stringent, and the existence of the daily papers considerably depends upon it. But posterity would be made superfluous if their sentiments could be so scrupulously sifted as their news. So that sometimes the actual events of art, literature, and religion have a paragraph slammed in their face on some surly morning when the east wind blows. They wait outside, and summer and winter it on a bench in the porter's lodge, before revision comes out to atone for its tardiness with such a bluster at the gate as the poet or the prophet never cared to raise. But a few passers stop to read the placard of services rendered by the mendicant of criticism, and solace him with their grateful contributions; so that when the gate is pompously thrown open with a great *fanfare* of brass from the interior, he dreads isolation and a solitary cell, suspects the invitation, and prefers to stay outside with patrons who have always pardoned the trim which kept the unmodish soul in the street where the passenger heart might see it.

Goethe's verses in the "Book of the Singer," entitled "Rough and Ready," (*Derb und tüchtig*) really belong to this Book. It opens with a single verse, in which his contemporaries express their mental perplexity at his phenomenal appearance on the field of German literature. Is he a flicker of hydrogen gas or a planet's steady ray? Goethe's reply has recourse to Oriental circumstance.

An honest Persian burgher said one day to Saadi, "Of what good is a poet?" Saadi said, "Of what good is a rose?" To which the citizen incautiously replied, "To smell." Said the poet, "Very well, and I am good to smell it."

<sup>2</sup> Hafis was in constant dispute with the members of his order, whose distinctive mark was a blue cowl: Ulric Hutten, with the gray and black brotherhoods of priests, and the mendicant friars. Goethe's silly foes do not distinguish themselves in dress from other Christians, and are found in all ranks.

Hafis belonged to the Sufi sect of Mohammedans, and was called, in allusion to his mystic style, "the voice from the other world," or, "the interpreter of secrets." His searching and independent expression made him justly suspected of preferring a view of truth to a clerical statement. Sufism was at once mystic and rationalistic: its central doctrine of the union of the finite mind with the Divine intelligence sometimes led in one direction as far as annihilation in the Divine Being, and in another direction into the boldest criticism of Mohammedan orthodoxy. The belief in immortality was threatened by the pantheistic tendency of Sufism; and its poets sometimes appeared to affirm and sometimes to deny that belief. The efficacy of a creed was either by implication or direct expression the sport of Sufism. One of its statements of indifference on this point ran as follows: "When there is no longer Me or Thee, of what importance then will be the Caaba of the Mussulman, the synagogue of the Jew, or the convent of the Christian?" Naturally, the longing of Buddhism and of Sufism to have all personality abolished by absorption into the Infinite led to this. And the doctrine of Sufism, that a man ought to seek no other recompense for virtue than in being virtuous, was especially distasteful to the Islamism which counted upon the compensations of a hereafter. The Sufis were divided into those who were called "according to the Law," because they nominally accepted the Koran; and the "complete Sufis," who were pure theists.

Mr. Fitzgerald, who has so admirably translated Omar Khayam, says of his poet, that he was "especially hated and dreaded by the Sufis, whose practice he ridiculed, and whose faith amounts to little more than his own when stripped of the mysticism and formal

recognition of Islamism under which Omar would not hide. Their poets, including Hafis, borrowed largely, indeed, of Omar's material, but turned it to a mystical use more convenient to themselves and the people they addressed,—a people quite as quick of doubt as of belief; as keen of bodily sense as of intellectual, and delighting in a cloudy composition of both, in which they could float luxuriously between heaven and earth, and this world and the next, on the wings of a poetical expression that might serve indifferently for either."

An intoxicated Sufi saw God in the figure of a man, with a coat on, the hair plaited, and the cap cocked on one side. "I struck him on the shoulder, and cried, By the truth of thy Unity I know thee: and if thou assumest a hundred shapes it will not conceal thee from my observation."

Mr. Vaughan ("Hours with the Mystics") has shown the similarity of Sufism to the mysticism of Germany in the 16th and 17th centuries. Angelus, of Silesia, said : "I cannot do without God, nor He without me: He is as small as I, and I as great as He."

"Mahmud, a Sufi of the fourteenth century, says : —

"All sects but multiply the I and Thou;  
This I and Thou belong to partial being;  
When I and Thou and several being vanish,  
Then Mosque and Church shall bind thee nevermore.  
Our individual life is but a phantom:  
Make clear thine eyes and see Reality.' "

Ulrich, of Hutten, was a German knight who, before Luther's secession from the Church, openly allied himself with the German party of scholars and reformers who were making war upon the intellectual barbarism of the monkish orders. He drew to his side a crowd of youthful scholars among whom the famous book, "Letters of Obscure Men," was composed : it is a biting satire upon the ignorance and immorality of the friars. Ulrich died in 1523, but he had time to lend a powerful influence to the first pro-

tests of Luther, though he was interested in a Reformation chiefly from political and intellectual considerations. His motto was, "From Truth to Liberty and from Liberty to Truth."

<sup>3</sup> These verses express Goethe's discontent with the phrases used by the classic and romantic schools when they were quarrelling for literary supremacy : one party thinking to take the German people back to Hellenic forms, the other trying to reproduce Catholicism and the spirit of mediæval art. Goethe laments that they should not follow Nature instead. The twaddle of the partisans of different styles seems to him a waste of breath.

In the fifth verse, Goethe has coined three substantives to represent the kinds of dry and fruitless critics : *Knitterer*, from the verb *knittern* which means both a prolonged crackling, as of a peal of thunder, and a defective plaiting ; he can be called Crumpler : *Zersplitterer*, from *zersplittern*, to split, to shiver ; he is the Splinterer : and *Verwitterer*, from *verwittern*, to be weather-beaten, to spoil in the weather ; he is the Weather-blotcher, or the men like Novalis, the younger Schlegel, von Stolberg, Brentano, &c., who tried to impart the mediæval mildew to the art-furniture of their productions. Some of them became Catholics, but all of them believed that literature must foster Romanticism or the revival of the legend and sentiment of the Middle Ages.

At the same time a lively discussion was opened upon the spelling of the name Germany (Deutschland) ; whether it should be in the modern style with a D, or in the good old Teutonic fashion with a T. Goethe thinks that with either letter the average German can never help being a Philistine, a man to whom the modern mode in thought and the return to Nature in literary productivity are destructive tendencies. He will pipe his little ditty to either spelling ; but he dearly loves a dram of sensation at every meal, and it fortifies his nerves against the disturbers. The Germans have invented a name for the obstructive people, but do not monopolize the article. Certainly when the Jews were dispersed into all countries the Philistines availed themselves of the opportunity.

## BOOK OF SAYINGS.

<sup>1</sup> It was a favorite Eastern superstition that all perplexities could be solved and guidance obtained by consulting the Koran. The famous poems also became founts of oracle. One method was to thrust a needle at random between the sheets, and put faith in the passage which it pointed out. The Persians relied much upon Hafis, the Greeks consulted their Iliad, the people of mediæval Europe their Virgil, in different ways. Even Socrates in prison prophesied to his friends the interval of days before his death on the strength of a line in the Iliad which accidentally met his eye ; or, as the story is sometimes told, of the same line occurring to him in a dream. The *Sortes Virgilianae* were regular and accepted methods of divining, and helped to construct the popular notion that Virgil was a magician. The Bible has played the same part : many an action that mentally impended has been carried out or refrained from through the suggestion of a text.

Of this "Book of Sayings," or Apothegeems, Goethe says : "It is very closely related to the Books of Reflections and Parables. Sayings of the East, however, preserve the peculiar character of its poetic art, and frequently turn upon sensuous and visible objects ; and among them many may be found which might properly be called laconic parables. This is a most difficult style for the Western poet, because our environment appears so dry, methodical, and prosaic. But we can find a model in the old German proverbs whenever their meaning clothes itself in metaphor."

Nothing could be neater than some of the Eastern sayings. The Arabs say, "Thou hast not split my dust ;" that is, I have surpassed you : a simile drawn from the race-horse whose dust the competitors cannot reach. The blush of a modest man is called "the water of the face :" to sell it is for the poet to barter

himself for praise or money. The famous saying, "Speech is silvern, silence is golden," came from the Oghusen, a Western-Turkish tribe. They also have, "Do not buy the bird in the air :" "What one does in faring up, rests him in faring down."

<sup>2</sup> Enweri died, A.D. 1152. As he sat one day before the door of his college at Tus, he observed a distinguished person riding by with a great following, and learned to his astonishment that it was a court-poet. He resolved to attain to the same height of fortune. The poem which he wrote overnight, that won the favor of the Prince, is still extant. "A cheerful spirit looks out of this and several other poems which have come down to us : they are endowed with extensive observation and a most happy penetration, and with these qualities he reigns over an unbounded material. He lived in the present moment, and as he passed so rapidly from the college to the court he became a liberal encomiast, and found no work more congenial than to delight his contemporaries with commendation. Princes, Viziers, noble and beautiful women, poets and musicians were set forth in his praise, and he knew how to apply to each of them something graceful drawn from his broad repertory of objects."

Perhaps an unfriendly critic of Goethe might blame his notion of the "urbanity" which he commends in Enweri. He proceeds to say : "We cannot think it would be fair, after so many hundred years, to impute to the poet as a fault the relations in which he lived and used his talent. What would become of the poet, if no high, powerful, sagacious, active, fair, and dexterous people existed, whose qualities might inspire and edify ? He stretches tendrils forth upon them, like the vine upon the elm-branches, the ivy on the wall, to solace the eye and the senses. Would one scold a jeweller who spends his life in applying the precious stones of both the Indies to the adornment of eminent personages ? Would one desire that instead of this he should undertake the business, no doubt quite useful, of a street-paver ? "

This was just democratic enough for the court of Weimar.

On the whole we can understand, though Goethe's genius far outran the limits of such urbanity, why men who were never likely to become Privy Councillors and Ducal Viziers, like Beethoven, Jean Paul Richter, and Heine, resented a style which to them seemed to be that of a toady.

Goethe adds an incident in the life of Enweri, which shows how aptly the jealousy of courts could avail itself of a poet's serious falling out with public opinion.

"Though our poet stood well with earth, he was on bad terms with heaven. He ventured upon an important prediction, which greatly stirred up the people, that upon a certain day a tremendous storm would desolate the country : it did not come to pass, and the Shah himself could not save his favorite from the universal displeasure of the court and city. The poet fled ; and even in one of the remotest provinces only the resolute character of its governor protected him.

"The credit of astrology may, however, be saved by assuming that the conjunction of so many planets in one Sign hinted at the coming of Dschengis Khan (A.D. 1219), who wrought more desolation in Persia than any tornado could have accomplished."

<sup>3</sup> This is a charming Eastern story boiled down to a sentence. Goethe found it in the "Book of Kabus," "the mirror of the Good Sovereign." It was written by Kjekjawus, King of the Dilemites, for the instruction of Kabus the prince royal, in A.D. 1080. The Dilemites, or Ziads, were nominal subjects of the Caliphate of Bagdad, and inhabited the fertile provinces south and southwest of the Caspian sea. The kings of the country lived in considerable independence of the Caliphs, and held their court at Scheristan, on the southwest coast of the Caspian, where science, literature, and commerce flourished for a century and a half. The princes were most carefully educated, as "The Mirror of the Good Sovereign" well attests. Goethe called the attention of his contemporaries to the merits of this curious book, and furnished a table of its contents, but only translated the motive of

the king in writing it ; that is, the king, “ perceiving in his later life that the politics which surrounded him might prove more perilous to his son than to himself, made him acquainted with the arts and sciences from a twofold motive,—either that he might gain his livelihood by some trade or profession, if fortune reduced him to the necessity, or, in case of no necessity to use knowledge for support, he might be at least well grounded in all matters, if he preserved his principality.”

To this Goethe adds : “ If in our days the titled Emigrants (the fugitives from the French Revolution), who have so often with exemplary devotion derived support from their own labors, could have possessed such a book, how comforting it would have been to them ! ”

The son of Kjekjawus, for whose benefit this book was composed, was a poet and historian : but, as the father anticipated, the diplomatic relations of the province became complicated with powerful neighbors ; he was killed by a Turkish soldier, and his kingdom possessed by that Scythian power which we now call Turkish. Its earliest demonstration in modern history was this demolition of Kabus. But the wise book has survived ; and when the Turks evacuate Constantinople and retire into the congenial ferocities of the back settlements of Turan, this book which Goethe recommended to the French emigrants may be printed as a tract to distribute through the last Sultan’s household, possibly to soothe the final moments of the migration which now lingers, the most absurd and barbarous anachronism in Europe.

The “ Book of Kabus ” was translated into German by H. Fr. von Diez, from a collection of Turkish and Arabic translations made from the original Persian. The story above mentioned is here translated from von Diez : —

“ In the city of Bagdad there was a person in the service of the Commander of the Faithful, named Fettich, who possessed all the virtues of the great and well-nurtured, and made his service near the Caliph so agreeable that the latter adopted him for a son,

and esteemed him even higher than his own child. Now it happened that Fettich conceived a desire to swim in the river. As soon as his wish was made known to the Caliph, he sent for seamen and divers who began to instruct Fettich in swimming. But he was still a child and inexpert in swimming. He, however, according to the disposition of youth, esteemed himself a master in the art. So one day he went alone to the bank of the river, unclad himself, and jumped into the Tigris. The current was strong, and seized Fettich and bore him away. With all his struggling, he saw that he could not escape. He was carried helpless down the stream, and when the water had taken him far from the city toward the bank below he grasped the branch of a tamarind and held on. By divine dispensation, the Tigris had in this vicinity a steep bank which no one could climb and where nobody ever came. While Fettich was feeling very downcast at this, he looked around and spied on the declivity a hole which had been hollowed out by the water. Into this cavity he got, and sat down to see what next could be done, saying, ‘I am at any rate for the present out of peril of my life !’ On the other hand, those who had been with Fettich on the bank above thought that he was still sporting in the water. But, as they remarked that he had entirely vanished from their sight, they ran down along the bank to seek him : not being able to discover any thing of him, they thought that he had gone under. So they went back and told the Caliph, ‘Fettich is drowned in the river ! But may thy life last long !’ When the Caliph heard this news, he sighed, descended from the throne, and cast himself upon the ground ; he wept bitterly, put on mourning garments, and lamented seven days long. At the end, he desired that the corpse at least might be recovered, that he might look upon it and smother somewhat the fire of his grief. So he sent for sailors and divers, and said to them, ‘Whoever will bring Fettich dead, to him will I give a thousand pieces of gold.’ Then the sailors got aboard their barks, and began a search farther down the river. Unexpectedly, one of them came near the cliff,

and saw that Fettich was sitting fresh and sound in the cavity. He told nobody, but turned his vessel up the stream, went to the Caliph and spake : 'O Commander of the Faithful ! Thou hast promised a thousand gold-pieces to the one who should find Fettich dead : what wilt thou give to the one who finds him living ?' The Caliph replied: 'Five thousand pieces of gold !' The sailor went forth and brought Fettich. The Caliph, seeing that he was sound and well-preserved, rejoiced greatly, and thanked God and gave the sailor what he had promised. More than that, he ordered the Vizier : 'Go and open the door of the treasure-chamber and distribute the half of my treasure in alms. Then let meat be brought, for my Fettich has not tasted food for seven days.'

"Fettich said: 'O Commander of the Faithful ! I am not hungry.'

"Caliph. 'Hast thou then perchance been enjoying the water of the Tigris ?'

"Fettich. 'No, O Commander of the Faithful ! But during the seven days that I sat on the cliff, twenty loaves of bread came to me daily in a dish. Some of them I took, and lived upon them for seven days.'

"Caliph. 'Indeed ! who could have thrown this bread into the water ?'

"Fettich. 'Who did it, that know I not. But upon every loaf was inscribed, "Muhammed, son of Hassan Iskjafi."

"Immediately the Caliph made known by criers that whoever bore that name should present himself. The man appeared, saying: 'My name is Paschmakdschi Muhammed (a baker), son of Hassan.' The Caliph asked : 'By what token ?'

"Muhammed. 'My name is inscribed on every loaf.'

"Caliph. 'It appears, then, that you have thrown bread into the water. How long is it that you have had the habit ?'

"Muhammed. 'For a year.'

"Caliph. 'And what has been your motive ?'

"Muhammed. 'O Commander of the Faithful ! I once heard somebody say : "Do good ; throw bread into the water : one day

it will be repaid thee." In order to make trial of this I did it, saying to myself : I will just see what will befall me for the good which I commit to the water.'

"Caliph. 'O thou pious man ! From that water much good will befall thee for recompense.'

"Upon the spot, the Caliph gave him five villages before the gate of Bagdad for a possession. The man received the order thereon, betook himself to the villages, and settled down. So, on account of his good, he was freed from poverty and became rich. There are still descendants of him in Bagdad. When I, my son, in the time of the Caliph Kaim Billach, was on a pilgrimage and came to Bagdad, I heard this history from the old men : they themselves related it to me, and also showed me the children's children of Muhammed, son of Hassan, and I have seen them."

Goethe has elsewhere a quatrain which expresses the same sentiment with this story :—

"'Say, what returns for this hast gathered ?'  
My arrow flew away well-feathered ;  
The heavens stood open before it fair :  
It must have hit, methinks, somewhere."

There is also a German couplet :—

"Thue das Gute, wirf es ins Meer ;  
Weiss es der Fisch nicht, weiss es der Herr."

Good that thou doest throw overboard ;  
The fish does not know it, but knows it the Lord.

<sup>4</sup> This was the phrase by which the scholars of Pythagoras appealed to the authority of their master : they were content on all contested points to say, Αὐτὸς ἔφα, He said so. Men and women who abdicate the power of reflection, and live by ancient *ipse dixits*, might be consistent, at least, and refer as far back as possible to Adam and Eve.

The absolute silence which Pythagoras required in the School

amounted to a regulation that the young disciples should learn to be good listeners, to ask not too many questions, and even to keep demands for explanation to themselves. This must have soon killed off all the dunces and slow coaches. The dismissed pupils were considered dead, and had their grave and stone set up. After how many "deadings" in recitation might this obituary graduation occur to-day?

So were rejected applicants put into his bill of mortality, such as Kylon, Hippasus, Perialus. This naturally led to their resurrection as implacable enemies ; and Kylon became the head of the movement which upset Pythagoras and dispersed his famous School. Some of his doctrines survive because Nature "says so."

<sup>5</sup> Lokmann was an Abyssinian slave who was more renowned for wit than beauty ; a Persian *Aesop*, many of whose fables and sayings have been preserved ; by no means a mythical personage, but a genuine black deformity, beating out tempered metal, as if on some anvil of the Scandinavian under-powers, to baffle "day-light and champion." Tradition has not yet made up its mind whether he was a tailor or carpenter ; but in either trade his wit was warranted to suit. The Persian proverb was : "One need not pretend to teach any thing to Lokmann."

One day he was asked, "How didst thou, altogether ridiculous and unpromising individual, manage to become so wise and good ?" "By accomplishing three things, — always telling the truth, keeping my word, and minding my own business."

Noon-day in the Mammoth Cave would be as inexplicable and astonishing as he. The highly polished, university-bred Persians, wondered whence this fount of Aganippe started. "How have you learned wisdom ?" said one. "From the blind, who put not their feet forward till they feel their ground."

<sup>6</sup> This quatrain tempts and deserves an extended Note.

With the blade of the scimetar, the Arabs established the first ferry across the Mediterranean, over which all the learning, passion, exuberance, pride, and honor of the Orient's golden age

eventually passed. The pilot was Taric, who with five hundred warriors crossed to the promontory of Calpe, and changed its name to Gibraltar (*Djebel-Taric*, Hill of Taric). This took place in A.D. 710, so long before poets and scholars followed in their beautifully written rolls. The Christian Visigoths retired before this conquering impulse of Mohammedanism ; so that the Saracens, and their allies the Moors, gained several centuries of time which they employed — and no nation ever more conscientiously — in a transfer of science and literature to endow a barren realm. Cordova, which was made the capital of an emirate in 755, became a centre where the ideas of a Platonizing Alexandria, the axioms of Euclid, the skill of Hippocrates, Celsus, and the Saracen leeches, met: there, too, came all the ancient lore which the Arabs were the first to collect with pains for the inoculation of the Western world. The wealth and wisdom of the Indies were contributed by the caravans which turned the great cities of Persia and Syria into magnificent depots whence the enterprise of merchants, architects, and men of skill in various arts followed the great current into Spain. Many centuries before Lancaster, a school-system identical with the one he founded was diffused through the Moorish provinces. Seventy libraries were established ; academies and universities sprang up, equipped with Jewish and Saracen professors who were preserving every tradition of knowledge which the Romans did not care to be bothered with and the Goths had never heard of. The Alhambra is at once the abstract and epitaph of these centuries of intelligence and grace.

The theistic Christians, called Arians, forced out of their own Church, easily were attracted by this brilliant monotheism ; and the more spiritual believers helped to advance the civilizing movement of Eastern thought.

Even the Orthodox Christian inhabitants of Spain were not wholly restrained by the decisions of Councils from mingling by marriage with these brilliant interlopers who revived knowledge Europe. The Star in the East again stood over the cradle of

a young child. An oriental influence penetrated the Gothic imagination. By and by the Jews might be persecuted and again dispersed, the Moors might succumb to successive banishments, the Inquisition might deplete the freest minds ; but on the cheek of Spain there still gathered the rich hue which the Moor's sun ripened.

“ My own East !

How nearer God we were ! He glows above  
With scarce an intervention, presses close  
And palpitatingly, His soul o'er ours !  
We feel Him, nor by painful reason know !  
The everlasting minute of creation  
Is felt there ; *Now* it is, as it was *Then.*”

Spain was not entirely ridden of the Moor until the childhood of Calderon. Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca was born A.D. 1601 : he died in 1687. This greatest of Spanish poets and dramatists began to write plays at the age of fourteen, two years before Shakspeare and Cervantes died. He took orders in the Catholic Church, but never undertook religious instruction as the Sheik Hafis did, the poet of a kindred genius. But, unlike Hafis, he laid the utmost stress upon religious observances. Like Hafis, however, he seemed to regard morality of secondary importance, but for a different reason : Calderon’s emphasis was laid upon the technical beliefs and practices of the Church. The familiarity of Hafis with the Koran was only an Eastern conventionality performed in a superior style. Hafis broadly rationalized, and was frequently charged with theoretical scepticism. Calderon might be suspected of theoretical immorality, but no more so than the Church in which he learned that salvation was secured by faith. Hafis, like Calderon, often floated on mystical wings in the high air of Divine Love ; but his verses cannot bear to be read too literally lest their metaphors of the intoxication of a soul steeped in the Creator might smack of a different vintage. The Persian and the Spanish poet were also alike in a mental tendency to

speculate upon the unknowable: with this was allied a lively sensuous feeling which assumed an exuberant and highly colored expression. Calderon's fancy was entirely Oriental: even the extravagances of the Persian poets can be matched in his style,— their rage for metaphor, their taste for enframing sentiment in the tinted and illuminated arabesque. Yet Calderon's pen could trace as delicately as Hafis's, and set down as fascinating phrases. How truly Oriental are these lines, translated by Shelley from "The Wonderful Magician:"—

"Be silent, nightingale! No more  
 Make me think, in hearing thee  
 Thus tenderly thy love deplore,  
 If a bird can feel his so,  
 What a man would feel for me.  
 And, voluptuous vine, O thou  
 Who seekest most when least pursuing,—  
 To the trunk thou interlacest  
 Art the verdure which embracest,  
 And the weight which is its ruin,—  
 No more, with green embraces, vine,  
 Make me think on what thou lovest,—  
 For whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,  
 I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,  
 How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enchanted sunflower, thou  
 Who gazest ever true and tender  
 On the sun's revolving splendor,  
 Follow not his faithless glance  
 With thy faded countenance,  
 Nor teach my beating heart to fear,  
 If leaves can mourn without a tear,  
 How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,  
 Cease from thy enamor'd tale,—  
 Leafy vine, unwreathe thy bower,

Restless sun-flower, cease to move,—  
Or tell me, all, what poisonous power  
Ye use against me.”—

<sup>7</sup> The Moslem holds the right hand and foot in higher honor than the left. The right shoe is put on and taken off before the left, and the right foot is put foremost in entering a door. He merely turns into etiquette the prevalent habit of mankind to put the right side forward in all actions.

<sup>8</sup> A European term for blocks pressed out of soft material till they are compact enough for building purposes. Goethe's hint is for the benefit of the diffuse amateurs of art, literature, and morals, whose subjects are so flattened out as to be past the use of the builder.

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#### BOOK OF TIMUR.

<sup>1</sup> The Mongol Timur Chan, or Tamerlane (*Timur lenk*, lame Timur). His various conquests occupied the years between 1363 and 1405. He was born in the castle *Schehr-Sebz* in the present Bukhara, May 7, 1336. “Timur was as great a warrior as he was a statesman,” says Koeppen; “his army, consolidated from the different Tartar and Mongol tribes of Central Asia, was the first of modern times in which the different bodies of troops were distinguished by the colors of their uniforms; his artillery was more formidable than that of the Turks; and his Tartar cuirassiers, admirably mounted and armed, rode down with irresistible impetuosity the spahis and janizaries, then in the height of their glory.” In Damascus and Bagdad are chapels built to mark the spots where Timur made huge pyramids of human skulls.

He penetrated even through the defiles of the Caucasus <sup>2</sup>

went far into Russia, where he suffered greatly from the winter. The first piece in this "Book of Timur" was evidently written after Napoleon's retreat before the same irresistible element.

Goethe says: "A foundation for this Book must first be laid: perhaps a year or two will have to slip away, so that the too close significance of the late tremendous events may not interfere with a broad and quiet contemplation of Timur's career. The tragic effect may be deepened if I decide to introduce from time to time the humorous comrade of this world-ravager's campaigns and sharer of his tent, Nusreddin Chodscha. But good hours and a happy mood must be the best furtherance for this. I will add here a masterpiece of the little stories which have come down to us.

"Timur was an ugly man: he had a blind eye and a lame foot. One day when Chodscha was near, Timur scratched his head, for it was the hour when the barber should attend, and bade him be called. After his head had been shaved, the barber as usual handed Timur a mirror. Timur regarded himself and found his appearance altogether too hateful. Thereat he began to weep: Chodscha too set up a weeping, and so they wept together for a couple of hours. Then some companions undertook to console Timur, and entertain him with wonderful tales to make him forget his grief. Timur ceased weeping, but Chodscha kept on, and even more violently than before. At length Timur said to Chodscha: 'Listen! I looked in the mirror and saw that I was very ugly; and I was troubled thereat, because I am not only Emperor, but possess treasures and women, and with it all I am so ugly: so I wept. But why do you go on weeping so?' Chodscha replied: 'If you have only looked once into the mirror and at sight of your face could not bear to behold it, but fell into weeping at it, what shall we do who have to look at you night and day? If we don't weep, who should? So I mean to weep.' Timur went beside himself with laughter."

Nusreddin was a Turk, and celebrated in the history of his

people.\* He was only a common citizen of the town of *Yeni Shehr* in Asia Minor when Timur approached with his host. The frightened citizens sent him out to propitiate the conqueror. Before leaving, he consulted his wife as to the kind of present he should take, figs or quinces. "Quinces," said the wife, "for they are larger and handsomer." Nusreddin accordingly, with true Mohammedan respect for a woman's opinion, took figs. Timur told him to take off his turban, when seeing that he was bald he ordered the figs to be thrown at his head. As each one hit, the ambassador exclaimed, "God be praised." Timur was curious to know why he said so. "Because I am thanking God that I did not follow my wife's advice to bring quinces, for by this time my head would have been broken." Timur was a man to relish a jest as hugely as he did a massacre, and henceforth Nusreddin was high in favor, and a person of great importance at headquarters.

When Timur left *Yeni Shehr* he told Nusreddin to select something for a present, who asked for ten gold pieces with which he put up a stone gate in a field. "But why?" asked Timur: and Nusreddin said: "This gate shall hand down your fame, for while everybody who visits it shall laugh, it will remind that Timur's deeds make all countries weep."

When Timur set out upon an expedition against the emperor of China, he was suffering from illness which became aggravated by exposure to the winter weather on the plains of Central Asia; he was compelled to halt at Otrar, where he died suddenly, Feb. 17, 1405. His Arab biographer and political enemy, Ahmed bin Arabshah, put a speech into the mouth of the Spirit of Winter who arrested Timur's march and conquered the conqueror. Goethe's lines follow closely the speech of the Arab writer. But he did nothing more with the material which he may have collected for this Book.

\* Ainsworth's Travels in Asia Minor, II. 51.

## BOOK OF SULEIKA.

<sup>1</sup> Of this Book Goethe says : "It is the fullest of the whole collection, and may be considered closed. The breath and glow of a passion which pervades the whole of it do not so easily return. Such a revival, like that of a good wine year, can only be awaited in humility and hope.

"But we venture to put forward a few observations upon the demeanor of the Western poet in this Book. After the example of many Eastern predecessors, he keeps aloof from the Sultan. He even claims to be, as a contented Dervish, the equal of the Prince ; for a thorough-going beggar may be a kind of king. Poverty's endowment is audacity. When he resolves not to recognize the value of earthly goods, and to desire little or nothing of them, he passes into a state of complacent unconcern. Instead of fretting after wealth, he confers on others imaginary lands and treasure, and enjoys his jest at those who actually possessed and lost such things. Our poet really embraces a voluntary poverty in order the more proudly to appear as the lover of a maiden who is on that account gracious and well-inclined.

"But there is a still greater defect which he turns into a boast. Youth has slipped away from him, yet he can adorn his age and its gray hairs with the love of Suleika, and can be sure, though not dotingly positive, of her answering love. She is so spiritual that she can prize the spirit which makes youth precocious and rejuvenates old age."

This is the only allusion which Goethe makes outside of the Book itself to any attachment for a particular person. But the songs indite no abstract passionateness : they repeat in various many-colored phrases a single name ; and the German critics and editors leave no doubt to whom the name belonged.

It is possible, however, that a few of the songs in the *Divan*, perhaps one or two in this book, celebrate a previous attachment to Minna Herzlieb. She was an adopted daughter of Frommann, a bookseller of Jena, and from her girlhood a great favorite with Goethe, who used to walk and romp with her in the meadows around the town. As she developed into a charming womanhood, the poet began to feel a more serious admiration which ripened into a mutual attachment. He spent the winter of 1807 in Jena; she was then eighteen, and Goethe fifty-eight. Louisa Seidler, the portrait-painter, described her: "She was the loveliest of all maidenly roses, with childlike features, and great dark eyes whose glances, more soft than strong, innocently enchanted every one. The hair was a shining raven-black, a fresh color seemed to breathe through and enliven the cheeks, her shape was slender and of the finest proportions, and all her movements were gracious and noble. Notwithstanding the attention which was lavished upon her, she was modest, serene, and unpretending. All forth-putting was repugnant to her: the retiring disposition seemed solely occupied with turning whatever beauty and excellence came to her into more beauty and nobleness for herself. Hardly could any one penetrate her deepest feeling. Toward Goethe, the mature man and famous poet, who selected her with the friendliest and tenderest notices, she maintained a deep regard, which never, as her nearest friends knew best, increased into the passion which has been reported of her."

She was subsequently married, and, after a troubled and changeful life, died at Görlitz, July 10, 1865.

This nobly attempered woman inspired Goethe with a passion which was to a large extent ideal, of the kind which so often kindled his imagination and made fresh activity essential to his life. These were, indeed, occasions which furnished new traits and characters to his genius, and deeply stimulated him to set them forth in poetic forms. They were essential to that tendency of his creative life which appeared in lyric and fiction; but, when-

ever they threatened to become too complicated and invasive of social conditions, he knew how to tear himself away, and let the ardent memory cool gradually into the shapes of art.

So it was, at least, in this case, with no pain to Minna Herzlieb beyond the interruption of her fruitful friendship with so great a mind. She survived for Goethe in several traits of the Ottilia of the "Elective Affinities," but the whole character was not modelled upon her. Traces of her may be found in some sonnets, and the descriptions in the "Return of Pandora," where Epimetheus bewails the vanished beauty.

Sometimes Goethe's warmest attachment saved itself in friendship, and did not need to be renounced, while it still sustained the function of lending bloom and sparkle to his powers. So Marianna Jung became Suleika, and the chief inspirer of this Book, and of some other verses in the "Divan." Her earliest youth was brilliantly passed upon the stage of the Frankfort theatre, which she left at seventeen to marry a merchant several years older than herself, the Geheimrath (Privy-Councillor) von Willemer. Goethe first became acquainted with her in 1814, on Oct. 18, at the country-seat of the Willemers, called the Tanner's Mill, near Frankfort. She was then thirty-four, and he sixty-four. Herman Grimm, to whom we are indebted for information on this matter, says that "at the mill, or at the house in Frankfort, she was the centre to which every cultivated element in the city or from abroad gravitated." In the later years of her life, when Grimm first became acquainted with her, she was called in the friendly circle the "little grandmother," though she never had children. Those who had known her in younger days described the charm of her candor, the traits of elegance and grace, the firmness and precision of all her moving and conversing, which made her so attractive to men of the highest culture. "She was wonderfully versed in that art of conversation which appears to have vanished with the circle of her times,—an art that depended not so much on culture and *esprit* as upon delight in spontaneous interchange

of ideas." She knew how to encourage the frank, impromptu flow, to abate all roughness of arguing, to depend upon the un-studied genius of the moment. "Her life and freshness, her song, her poetic sensibility, her genuine good-will," were loved by Goethe. "She desired nothing more than the silent consciousness of Goethe's esteem and attachment."

One evening Grimm was walking with her in the garden of a country-house near Frankfort; clouds were moving across the sky, "shepherded" by a moist west wind which sighed through the trees and across the fields. "I know not," he says, "how there came to me that song in the 'Divan,' 'Ah, west wind, how sore I envy !' (page 132) but I repeated it half aloud as we walked along. Marianna halted, looked at me a moment with her gray-blue, sparkling, and mobile eyes, and said: 'Now, tell me, how did you happen to repeat that poem?' 'Oh!' I replied, 'it just struck me then in a lively way: it is one of Goethe's finest.' Marianna kept gazing at me as if she would say something, and were considering if it were best. Suddenly I cried, from I know not what impulse, 'I 'll tell you now,—that poem is yours; you wrote it.' After a pause, stretching out her hand to me, she said, 'Pray mention it to nobody: yes, I wrote those verses.' Then she broke off our interview."

This discovery led to further confidences. Marianna, besides the above song, composed others whose first lines are, "Precious love as thine receiving" (page 103), which is a reply to the previous one by Goethe, who called himself in the "Divan" *Hatem*, the name of a Persian poet; "As I sailed upon Euphrates" (page 104), in which he substituted *Hatem* for her proper rhyme of Goethe, and to which the next poem is his reply; "Thou hast done a deal of rhyming" (page 107), with his reply; "All this stir a somewhat brings" (page 129).

It is plain to me that others ought from internal evidence, and also from some difference in the construction of the lines, to be assigned to her; and probably when her correspondence is pub-

lished we shall know more about the complicity of hers in the "Divan" that went beyond the instigation of her attachment. Her letters to Goethe are deposited in the Frankfort library, under her injunction that they remain unopened for twenty years after her death. These letters will be due in 1879.

An important piece of evidence is the paper which she gave to Grimm, containing the key to the cipher-writing which she invented for correspondence with Goethe. Allusion is made to it in the song beginning "Ye people diplomatic" (page 136). Her cipher consisted in numerical references to pages and allusions in Von Hammer's translation of Hafis.

One or two lines in the poems which she sent to Goethe have been changed by him, in one case to make her sense more passionate. I have followed her in translating. Evidently the publication was well understood between them. She kept her secret well, and enjoyed it too ; content with being the confidant of the "Divan," and prizing beyond any notoriety the great friendship of her life.

Among her relics of Goethe are one or two specimens of the songs which he used to write handsomely upon gold-rimmed and arabesqued paper, and send to favorite friends. Allusions to this will be found in the Book ; in "Thou hast done a deal of rhyming" (page 107) ; "Writ out so fairly" (page 113) ; "Wherefore now sends not" (page 123) ; "No more on silken leaf" (page 140).

So in 1823, after his sojourn at Marienbad, where he was much charmed with Fräulein Ulrica von Levezow, he composed the "Elegy of Marienbad" during the relays of post which carried him back to Weimar, and then engrossed it in Roman letters upon parchment, secured with silk ribbon in a portfolio of red morocco, and sent it to her.

Among Marianna's little treasures were drawings and caricatures by Goethe's hand. One of the latter represented the poet at an open window of the Mill peering out with a candle, in order, as the subscript runs, "the better to see the moon." But the

motto to the Book of Marianna von Willemer expresses the unexpected pleasure of his old age, which only looked forward to a moon-lighted evening when unsurmised another sun arose.

<sup>2</sup> In assuming the name of Hatem for their poetic intercourse, Goethe explains that he does not mean *Hatem Thai*. He was a prince of the Arabian tribe Thâê, and so famed for goodness of heart and generosity that to this day a noble and free-handed man receives the surname Hâtem-Thâî. He lived in the beginning of the sixth century, and was a Jewish theist. Many romantic tales of the adventures of Hatem on his excursions to help the unfortunate and distressed still delight listening circles in the East. The "Relations of Hâtem-Thâî," in seven books of the Persian, are not surpassed in phantasy, substantial interest, and moral value by the Arabian Nights. See "The Gulistan" of Saadi, translated by Ross, pp. 251, 267, 409, for allusions to Hatem.

He once received an embassy from the Greek Emperor, which came to beg of him his favorite and celebrated horse. Before learning the errand, and having just then nothing in the house, he killed and served up the horse.

Neither does Goethe mean *Hatem Zograi*. He was a poet, but so unpoetically notorious at once for wealth and stinginess that whatever was wrung from him came, as the Arabs would say, like the "sweat of a stone."

<sup>3</sup> The *Ghingo* or *Gingko* is indigenous to China and Japan, and is known as the *Salisburia adiantifolia*, so named after the first English botanist who described it. It is also called *Gingko Biloba*, because the seeds are two-lobed, therefore the leaves are. Herein is the point of Goethe's verses. A Japanese name for the tree is *Itsionoki*. There is a specimen upon Boston Common standing on the left of the Beacon Street Mall, opposite the State House. It was transplanted from the Gardner Green estate on Pemberton Hill, and has been in America a century.

<sup>4</sup> The Sultan distributed order-ribbons upon which was the sun or moon. The sun inside the moon-crescent was a symbol of love.

<sup>5</sup> Dulgend is Persian for the turban: the strips of muslin or other fabric are wound around the core of a cap. Abbas the Great was a distinguished ruler (1535-1627), whose reign was on the whole beneficent, and restored the old splendor of Persia. He was so tolerant that he stood godfather to the child of an English resident.

<sup>6</sup> Properly *Sumbhulpur*, a river in S. W. Bengal, which is called from the town at its junction with the river Mahanuddy.

<sup>7</sup> Goethe's verses are suggested by the story that, after Timur had taken Shiraz in 1393, he found Hafis there, and asked him rudely if he was really the author of the couplet, —

"If that Shiraz beauty would take my heart in hand,  
For her black mole I would Bochara give and Samarcand."

But Hafis died in 1391. Goethe, however, hints at Hafis's reputed answer to Timur.

<sup>8</sup> Khosru, the Persian, sent a necklace of pearls to Schirin, the Armenian princess whom he loved. She was a Christian; when they met the next time, he saw a cross depending from his string of pearls. The rigorous feelings of the Persian belief against the gross, materialistic forms of early Christianity are expressed in these verses. But they also embody Goethe's personal discontent with the innumerable haggard and bloody crucifixes which in his time were scattered so freely over Europe, to preach at every crossing of the roads an exclusive gospel of sorrow. In Southern Germany the traveller can still find groups of Calvary and Gethsemane, carefully protected from the weather in niches, as if to keep mankind constantly reminiscent that joyousness is fatal to salvation. This obtrusiveness at least roused Goethe's Hellenic feeling, which he expressed more coarsely in the Venetian Epigrams. But our paths of life lead into open spaces where a cross would not serve even as a finger-post of miles.

The Vitzliputzli in the last verse is the name of an ugly Aztec 'idol: humorously applied by Germans to the root of the manke.

<sup>9</sup> Motanabbi's real name was Abu 'l Teyyeb Ahmed. He was a poet of considerable pretensions, who became disgusted with the style of the Koran, and declared that Mohammed said nothing of any consequence which he could not himself have said, and in a better vein. He even gathered a number of Come-Outers and proclaimed himself a prophet. Several Arab tribes adhered to him till the governor of the province quietly locked him up and persuaded him to work in distemper through his verse in future. This he did, and made money by it. He was slain, A.D. 354, by some robbers in attempting to defend the presents which a Persian sultan made to him. His nickname, Motanabbi, means, one who likes to play prophet.

<sup>10</sup> *Saki* is the Persian word for the person who serves wine. See the "Book of the Cup-Bearer."

<sup>11</sup> *Talik* is the ordinary handwriting among the Persians. *Neski* is a finer and more artistic style. Goethe would sometimes send little snatches of both to Marianna.

<sup>12</sup> Hafis and Nisami have been noticed. Saadi, the author of "The Rose Garden," was born at Shiraz, A.D. 1194. In his youth he was a great traveller, and all the objects of his experience became the illustrations of his poetry. After a thirty years' wandering, he returned and began to write : odes, elegies, "Rose-Garden," "Flower-Garden," "Book of Proverbs." He lived one hundred and two years. Pilgrims used to visit his tomb, which is still shown. Grace, wit, versatility, knowledge of the world, subtle sharpness, and a perfect style, distinguish his works.

Dschami, a son of poor parents, was born A.D. 1414, in Dscham, a little village whence he derived his surname. He wrote "Divans," and also mystical books upon Sufism : a very productive brain, thirty-four works in prose, of mystic, biographical, critical, and æsthetical contents (Die National-Literatur sämmtlicher Völker des Orients); sixteen poetical works, the most celebrated of which are "The Seven Stars of the Bear" and the "Spring-Garden." Died, A.D. 1492.

<sup>18</sup> Behram-Gur : the word Gur, meaning "wild ass," was suffixed to his name as he was a mighty hunter of that animal, and met his death in the pursuit of one. The Sassanian dynasty, to which he belonged, derived its name from *Sassan*, who was a chief of the hamlets of Khir, about seventy miles south-east of Persepolis, where he was also custodian of the fire-temples. His grandson was an ambitious soldier ; to him crowds of Persians flocked, with whom he overthrew the Parthian domination, about A.D. 226, and then established the dynasty of which Behram was a distinguished ruler, whose reign was a mild and happy one, full of pleasant things for his countrymen : for instance, he introduced a great number of musicians from India into his kingdom, because he happened one day to notice a crowd of people dancing together without an accompaniment.

One story concerning the discovery of verse and rhyme is that this mighty Nimrod was hunting lions with Dilaram, a favorite slave and mistress, who always shared in his various expeditions. Behram came to close quarters with a lion, which he seized by the ears and held despite its struggles. In the heat of the encounter, he cried : "I am as the raging elephant, I am as an active and mighty lion." Dilaram's ear caught the accidental rhythm of the original, and she matched it with another line, making a perfect Persian distich. Behram was struck with the happy strain, and set his courtiers to work making couplets after the same fashion, with what result is fortunately not yet discovered. He died, A.D. 440.

<sup>14</sup> Sometime during the autumn of 1815, Goethe was in Heidelberg, by invitation of his friend Boisserée, whose recollections contain many traces of Marianna and of her relations with the poet. During Goethe's stay, an invitation to her was replied to by "Ah, West wind, how sore I envy" (page 132). The next day she came with her sister about noon : in the forenoon, Goethe had been wandering about the famous Castle, and wrote there, "I faint  
ld make an end, &c." (page 124), and "See how the thickets

yonder" (page 125). The latter piece reminds us of the fine chestnut trees on the slopes beyond the Castle. On the next day were written "Love for love, each hour the newest" (page 115). Before her return to Frankfort, she contrived after the fashion of diplomatists the method of corresponding in cipher which has been mentioned, and to which this poem, "Secret Message" (page 136), refers. On the same day, she wrote the two verses beginning, "People, slaves, and lords agreeing" (page 116): the rest of the verses make his reply. So the days went by. Goethe declared that he had not been so happy for ten years as when busied on the "Book of Suleika."

<sup>15</sup> According to a Persian legend, Alexander had a mirror in which he could overlook all the plans of his enemies: it also correctly reflected the political relations of various countries. No doubt this magic mirror he carried in his head. In Persian history and poetry, Alexander is a great figure under the name of *Dhu 'lkarnein*, or the two-horned; horns symbolizing strength and royalty.

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#### BOOK OF THE CUP-BEARER.

<sup>1</sup> Before the time of Mohammed, the Arabs were great raisers of grapes and were wine-bibbers. The excesses led to the prohibition of wine in the Koran. Those who like wine claim one or two passages as permitting its moderate use. But the Koran speaks plainly: concerning wine and gambling, "in both there is great sin, and also some things of use unto men; but their sinfulness is greater than their use." A kind of lot with arrows was sometimes used to decide who should pay for flesh to be given to the poor; but it led to ill-feeling. "O true believers, surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows, are an abomination

the work of Satan ; therefore avoid them, that ye may prosper. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God, and from prayer." And in another place, "O true believers, come not to prayers when ye are drunk, until ye understand what ye say."

Perhaps the wine-drinkers have interpreted this to allow the use of wine when the time for prayer was not impending. It is certain, however, that wine always has been made and used in the East, and the Persians are particular lovers of it. Every traveller has something to say about the private or open use, not only of wine, but of strong liquors. At Herat the manufacture of wine is forbidden, but it is extensively drunk. A positive permission to use it must be obtained by a doctor's certificate, which is readily given, because it is a source of revenue ; and Herat must be the most unhealthy place on the planet. *Koom* is a sacred city, where Fatima the great saint of Persia is buried. Here, too, the sale of wine is prohibited, but the inhabitants manage to procure it. The evasive vein of the human mind will never run dry. The Koran also detests and prohibits the flesh of swine ; but the Arabs say : "If you have the Koran in your hand and *no pig*, you are forbidden to eat pork ; but if you have the pig in your hand and *no Koran*, you had better eat what God has given you." So the Wahabees are fanatical puritans on the subject of tobacco, but they know how to make their strictness a convenience. Said Palgrave to them : "What is the greatest sin ?" The answer was : "Giving divine honors to a creature." This is their anti-Mohammedan feeling. "What is the next ?" "Drinking the shameful ;" i.e., smoking tobacco. "But what about murder, adultery, &c.?" "God is merciful and forgiving ;" i.e., these are venial sins.

Evlia Effendi said : "Vinegar is praised in the Prophet's tradition, 'If there is no vinegar in a house, it is sin : there is no blessing neither.' It is a wonderful thing that the juice of the grape forbidden as wine is lawful as vinegar."

The use of wine has probably been somewhat influenced by the custom of different courts. It is said that Sultan Bajefid, carried away by his conquests, was the first prince to drink it. On the other hand, Schemseddin, the sixth prince of the Sarbedarian dynasty, would not let his subjects pronounce the word, nor that of any intoxicating drink ; the date of his death was A.D. 975. But when Marco Polo was in Persia, he commented upon the general practice of wine-drinking : "Some one may say, 'But the Saracens don't drink wine, which is prohibited by their law.' The answer is that they gloss their text in this way, that if the wine be boiled, so that a part is dissipated, and the rest becomes sweet, they may drink without breach of the commandment ; for it is then no longer called wine, the name being changed with the change of flavor." Col. Yule says to this passage of the old traveller : "The Persians have always been lax in regard to the abstinence from wine. Tavernier (another early traveller) says that at Shiraz, besides the wine for which that city was so celebrated, a good deal of boiled wine was manufactured for use among the poor and by travellers. No doubt what is meant is the sweet liquor or syrup, called *Dushâb*, which Della Valle (still another early traveller in the East) says is just like the Italian *Mostocotto*, but better, clearer, and not so mawkish."

Lane ("Modern Egyptians") says : "A kind of wine, formerly called *nebeedh*, a name now given to prohibited kinds, may be lawfully drunk. This is generally an infusion of dry grapes or dry dates. The Moslems used to keep it until it had slightly fermented ; and the Prophet himself was accustomed to drink it, but not when it was more than two days old." Wine that is forbidden in this life may be drunk in the next, as the wine of Paradise cannot inebriate. In Egypt, the Moslems have little private wine-parties, to which only friends are invited who are entirely sound and safe on the matter. If anybody should call, the master is not at home, so that the "table of wine" mentioned in the "Arabian Nights" is a regular Eastern institution.

Renan ("Averroes," p. 171), says of *Ibu-Sina*, a Saracen philosopher in Spain, that he was "a frank debauchee after the manner of the poets of the time of Mohammed, leading a joyous life, drinking wine, loving music, and passing the night in orgies with his disciples. When he was reminded of the prohibition, he used to say: 'Wine is forbidden because it excites quarrels and feuds; but, being preserved by wisdom from these excesses, I take it to give an edge to my spirit.'"

It sounds like some remark of Hafis, who certainly did not drink much boiled wine. Many of the *Serais* in Persia have their walls scribbled over with verses in praise of fair ladies or good wine. Who could be more profusely quoted thus than Hafis? He said: "Give to Hafis one or two mighty goblets of the good liquor: bring the wine, whether to indulge in it be a sin or a virtue." No mystic afterthought can be furnished to such a sentence; but the following might bear one: "When Hafis has become well intoxicated, he cares not a barleycorn for the whole empire of the Cyruses." So also might this: "Intoxicated with 'Unity' from the cup of the 'old original contract' will be every one who quaffeth the pure wine like Hafis." Another poet says: "I was astonished when yesternight I found beside Hafis a cup and flagon; but I raised no argument, for he brought them in Sufi fashion," that is, under his cloak. We cannot tell how much was symbolical and how much sensuous in his allusions to wine. He often wrote, no doubt, from the mixed emotion which springs from "the wild joy of living" and the ecstasy of thought; and wine might have somewhat provoked before it symbolized. No doubt, too, he was far more often flooded with animal spirits than with wine; imaginative men of this kind incline to exaggerate, as Dickens did, their indulgences: to hear them vapor about their cups one would suppose that their gullets were as long as Caligula wished his to be, and their brains permanently steeped in alcohol for specimens of the gray substance turned to wit. We know how monstrously Anacreon bragged, whose grave counsel

was always for moderation. These are the very men whose "ap-prehensive and forgetive" gift would be ruined by the abuse of wine. Perhaps the pen is piqued to wantonness by the dismay which is reflected from the faces of the precisians. But Hafis, Shakspeare, Goethe, and the rest, may allege the divine sobriety of their most intoxicated moments.

Says Hafis : "Where do they sell the wine which mastereth the Sufi ? For I burn with rage at this hypocrisy of the devotee." "In this world of clay there is no real man ; we must make another world and create another Adam." "Show me the door of the wine-house that I may inquire of the seer the worth of my condition." And, recurring to his favorite image of the Dust : "This confusion of wine and this tumult of love will not depart from my head till I prostrate it, full of passion, in the dust at the portal of thy dwelling." Whom does he mean by "thy"? Spell it with a large T, and you have the mystical purport which the Eastern commentators love to ascribe to Hafis, in the same spirit of an American hermetic philosopher who found politics concealed in the phrases of alchemy, and a hidden sense in Shakspeare's Sonnets, where "beauty's rose" is the spirit of humanity, and the "master mistress," in the 20th, is the interior nature of the poet, and "Love" is religion, and Cupid, in the 153d, is spiritual affection, and the "Maid of Dian" is a chaste truth.

Still there is no doubt that wine was a metaphor for the Sufi abandonment to the "Over-soul." Nizami says ("A Century of Ghazels"), "Think not that when I praise wine I mean the juice of the grape : I mean that wine which raiseth me above Self." Emerson might have said : "My cupbearer is to perform my vow to God." When Nizami says : "My morning draught from the wine-shop is the wine of Self-oblivion," its Sufism reminds us that to this day the Persian gentlemen have a custom of taking wine in the morning ; and native artists occasionally represent a richly dressed Persian with his pocket-pistol depending from the belt. We can, however, hardly trust Nizami when he sings : "P

heaven, so long as I have enjoyed existence, never hath the tip of my lip been stained by wine!" For the confirmed toper of our later times might have been technically correct when he swore that nothing had passed his lips that day.

Warburton in "The Crescent and the Cross" gives a song of Cairo "as illustrative of the singular manner in which these people blend love and religion, and express in the same stanza their devotion to their Maker and their mistress:—

" ' Come forth, bright girl ! and midnight skies  
Will think that morning's gate uncloses ;  
The dazzled dew will think thine eyes  
Are suns, and vanish from the roses.

Allah ! how my heart-strings stir,  
Harp-like, touched by thought of her !  
Holy Prophet ! bless'd be thou !  
Fairest maiden, hear my vow.

The rich red wine seems mantling high  
Within thy cheeks, so roseate glowing,  
And beauty-drunkenness through mine eye  
Is all my fevered heart o'erflowing.  
Blessed Allah ! send thy grace !  
Blessed Allah, make my face  
White, before thy presence dread  
Wakes to life the slumbering dead.' "

It is no longer possible to separate the spiritual elation from the sensuous impulse in the Oriental poets. Nor would it be wise to undertake the botanizing of the conscience which was the organic law of their concrete temperament. Said Jacobi concerning Goethe: "What a wonderful man ! There he is ; you might as well discuss a rose ; leave him to grow."

Here is one of the most famous songs of Hafis, beautifully translated by Henry Priestly, a descendant of Dr. Priestly. It plainly sings the rapture of some high-noon of thought: —

"Sweet-voiced musician, sing the strain  
 Anew, anew, again, again !  
 Deep quaff the bowl that fires the brain,  
 Anew, anew, again, again !

In some sequestered, sweet recess,  
 What joy the loved one to possess !  
 To pluck the kiss and ease love's pain  
 Again, again, and yet again !

Life's fierce, full rapture ne'er can know  
 The fool that stints the wine-god's flow :—  
 Love's passion is the draught to drain  
 Ever, for ever and again.

In him all glorious things are found  
 That hath my ravished soul fast bound,—  
 Music and light and all joy's train  
 Ever, afresh, ever again.

O Zephyr, when thou murmur'st by  
 The bower in which my love doth lie,  
 Sigh in his ear my heart's refrain  
 Again, again, and yet again ! "

<sup>2</sup> A parallel passage to these lines is furnished in Gosche's "Archiv für Literaturgeschichte," II. 244, from Pulci's "Morgante Maggiore," where the hero asks Margutte, the son of a Turkish priest and a Christian nun, if he is Christian or Mohammedan, to which he replies :—

"*Io non credo piu al nero ch' all' azzuro,*" &c.  
 No more my *credo* is in black than in the blue,  
 But in good capon-color, boiled and roasted too :  
 And more than all my faith I anchor in the best of wine,  
 Of virtues cardinal to that I most incline.

The poets insist that their pretence of glorifying the grape must be conceded to them. In the "Vaux de Vire" of Jean le Houx is the following :—

"None who knoweth them will mistake, never hath the tip of  
the tongue been by me!" See the confirmed toper of our  
time, who was both technically correct when he swore  
he had not had two tips that day.

The author of "The Crescent and the Cross" gives a song of  
two thousand words in the original number in which these people  
are described, and expresses in the same stanza their  
desire for "Truth and Justice." —

"Darkness, midnight, and midnight skies  
Are the best time for going to bed;  
The stars of the world meet, their eyes  
Glowing, and looking from the trees,  
I like to have my head lying down,  
Safely lay beneath the canopy of stars;  
Darkness, darkness, how I love thee!  
Darkness, darkness, teach me now.

The author has written another something like  
this, but it is much shorter, and  
is not worth repeating.

By the way, though  
the authorship  
was not  
certainly  
ascribed  
to him  
in the  
original  
number,

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color and sound of music. Christian parades may be directed by official moral, and gospel. The ones which relate generally to man at distinctly propounding for good or at attrah to the second kind, and a hindrance. The third, on the contrary, impulsive. The moral instigation becomes

"Adam, c'est chose tres notoire,  
 Ne nous eust mis en tel danger,  
 Si, au lieu du fatal manger,  
 Il se fust plustost mis a boire.

C'est la cause pourquoy j'évitte  
 D'estre sur le manger gourmand :  
 Il est vrai que je suis friand  
 De vin, quand c'est vin qui merite."

The Persian wit was reduced to extremity by the attempt to adjust the drinking with the Koran. The 11th chapter of the "Book of Kabus" warns against the vice of drunkenness in a very comical fashion. "Formerly the drinking of wine was strictly prohibited; but if one must drink, let him at least call upon God's favor to make him penitent, and in no case to enjoy wine too soon after eating, but wait till the thirst has passed over three times. Also, in case one must drink, he should wait till after Vespers, so that nobody can observe his inebriety, and he must be careful to eat no confectionery with the wine, for that disturbs the stomach. One ought not to drink to the point of intoxication, for it will make him sick and foolish. While a man is tipsy his wits are disordered: in short he is a fool; to be now sober and now sick is at least unseasonable. If, however, a man desires to drink to intoxication, let him not begin in the early morning. But if he cannot help doing this, let him only do it now and then. In fine, if a man will be a regular toper, let him at least accustom himself not to drink on Friday nights. Then he will not neglect the Friday prayer, and will also spare his purse and health for forty-eight nights in the year, and perhaps by observing the advantages of this will arrive at the discretion of abstaining for like advantage all the time, and so repent and atone."

<sup>8</sup> This Persian word means, to be in the dumps, and is equivalent to the German word by which the next morning's seediness of the over-blossoming drinker is described,—the stale lees in the bottom of the cup.

<sup>4</sup> These three verses were written after a dinner at the house of Professor Paulus in Heidelberg, whose little son gathered bits of the dessert in a napkin which was marked with a swan, and brought it to his swan-poet Goethe. One or two other poems contain allusions to handsome blonde boy-waiters at the inns, who pleased Goethe. The Persian love for beautiful boys was remarkable, and sometimes notorious. But poets like Saadi indulged it on its most affable and noble side, and directed it toward the education of the favorite. This is the trait which Goethe has preserved most beautifully in the last poem of this Book. The most eminent Greeks, Socrates for instance, courted the society of handsome and sprightly youths for the same reason. The original grossness which stained the comradeship of the Theban Band of Lovers and the Macedonian company of Immortals was refined by the old Greeks into associations of young men for freedom and the country.

<sup>5</sup> Aurora is the "grass-widow," because she has been deserted by her old lovers, Astraeus, Cephalus, Tithonus, an old astronomical myth. Now in the opening summer she strives to overtake the evening-star.

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#### BOOK OF PARABLES.

<sup>1</sup> These Parables reproduce the color and sense of many Oriental ones. Goethe says : "The Eastern parables may be divided into three different kinds,—the ethical, moral, and ascetic. The first contain events and allusions which relate generally to man and his circumstances, without distinctly pronouncing for good or bad. But that is specially set forth by the second kind, and a rational choice offered to the hearer. The third, on the contrary, annexes to it a decided compulsion : the moral instigation becomes

injunction and law. A fourth kind may connect itself with these, of parables which relate wonderful leadings and providences flowing out of the impenetrable and unexplained counsels of God ; they confirm Islam in unconditioned surrender to the will of God, and teach that no one can evade his own determined lot. If to these kinds a fifth may be added, we must call it the mystical : it impels man out of that previous constraint of his lot to take refuge in union with God even in this life, and to renunciation of those goods whose loss in any case would give us pain."

Saadi said : "I found a peacock's feather within the leaves of a Koran, and said to it, 'This station is above thy condition.' It replied, 'Be silent ; for that person who possesses the charms of loveliness, wherever he puts his foot, finds no hand held up to oppose him.'" See how Goethe westernizes this parable.

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#### BOOK OF THE PARSEE.

<sup>1</sup> In early youth, Goethe devoted his chamber in his father's house to a rite which was the first religious movement of his imagination. A pretty altar, ornamented with golden flowers, held a porcelain vase in which at sunrise he burned aromatic pastilles in honor of his first Divinity, the coming Light. In the last hour of his life, it was "more Light" that he asked for.

In this unfinished Book, he returns to that first ardent appreciation of the worship of the Life-source. He also celebrates the refined habits of the Parsee, the cleanly irrigation, the well-ordered fields and groves, the disgust at all impurity. The Indian Parsees still maintain cemeteries in which the bodies of the dead are hoisted to the platform of high towers, and there exposed to those undertakers, the vultures, who thus anticipate the worm. When the bones are entirely denuded they are received into a pit below.

In this poem, *Darnawend*, more properly, Demavend, is the highest peak of the Elburz chain, about forty miles north-east of Teheran; over 14,000 feet high. *Senderud, Zendeh Ruh*, is the river at Ispahan; its name means the river "which loses itself" in irrigation; so valuable to the inhabitants that they also call it the "golden river." The old Parsee traits are refreshed in this poem to be a bequest of the dead faith to all lovers of Light and Order.

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### BOOK OF PARADISE.

<sup>1</sup> The Battle of Bedr yielded Mohammed his first important victory: it was fought, A.D. 624, with the Koreishites of Mecca, people of his own tribe, who hated his mission. Though Mohammed was outnumbered two to one, he knew how to duplicate each man. "Fear not," he cried, "the gates of Paradise are under the shadow of swords."

The "steed of marvel" in the third verse is the horse which Gabriel brought to Mohammed for his first ride through the heavens. "It had," says Irving, "a human face, but the cheeks of a horse; its eyes were as jacinths, and radiant as stars. It had eagle's wings all glittering with rays of light, and its whole form was resplendent with gems and precious stones." Its name was Lightning, and it had the gift of speech. All the seven heavens were visited that night, the Houris were inspected, and the glories noted. The Prophet still uses this horse on his tours through heaven.

<sup>2</sup> The Elect Women were, first, Asia, the wife of Pharaoh, who believed in Moses and was tormented for it by her husband. For this traditional Asia, Goethe has substituted Suleika. The second woman was Mary, mother of Jesus; the third, Khadijah, the

Prophet's first wife; the fourth, Fatima, his good and beautiful daughter who was married to his disciple Ali, who became the fourth Caliph.

Frauenlob, *Praise of Women*, was the famous Minnesinger, Love-Singer, whose real name was Heinrich von Meissen, from the place of his birth, 1250-1318. He was a canon of the cathedral at Mainz, and lies buried there. His verse so endeared him to the women of his time, that eight of them were his pall-bearers and poured libations of wine at his grave.

Mohammedanism is non-committal upon the extent of the doctrine of election for paradise as applied to women. "Their chances of immortality," says Warburton, "rest chiefly on the tradition of a conversation of Mohammed with an old woman who importuned him for a good place in paradise. 'Trouble me not,' said the vexed husband of Khadijah, who was fifteen years older than himself, 'there *can* be no old women in paradise.' Whereupon the aged applicant made such troubulous lamentation that he added, 'because the old will then all be made young again.'

"If a Mohammedan in paradise should feel that his wife's company was essential to his happiness, she would be recreated for him there: thus Mohammed confers upon his followers that divinest privilege, which, in another sense, the Queen of Navarre declared was the poet's also,—that of conferring immortality on her he loves."

In the poem entitled "Accord," Goethe playfully treats this tradition.

One would hardly expect to find a delicate appreciation of woman among the Esquimaux; nevertheless they have this proverb: "A man who has three wives in this world is sure of heaven in the next."

<sup>3</sup> This Rip Van Winkle legend of a protracted sleep has taken various forms in different countries. Epimenides slept half a century: Barbarossa still sleeps in the mountain near Salzburg, unless the late German awakening dissolved the spell under which

he waited. One form of the legend of the Seven Sleepers is that they were Christian youths of Ephesus, who escaped from the persecution of the Emperor Decius and took refuge in a cave, where they slept, guarded by their dog, for three hundred solar, or three hundred and nine lunar, years. See the Mohammedan form of the story in chapter xviii. of the Koran. One of the Mussulman charms consists of the names of the Companions of the Cave, together with the name of the dog, engraved in the bottom of a drinking-cup or round a copper tray. There was a famous breed of shepherd's dog supposed to have descended from the dog of the cave; and the shepherds watched with great care over the purity of the breed.

The Koran will not have it that the young men were Christians escaping from persecution: it represents them as being disgusted with idolatry, because instructed from above to believe in the One Lord. Mohammed says: "Dispute not concerning them, and ask not any of the Christians concerning them." Goethe preserves the Mohammedan view of the legend.

A place may be found here at the close for the Arabic poem which belongs to the period of Mohammed, as already mentioned in the Introduction. Goethe translated it into rhymeless verses, of an irregular and variable metre, merely to preserve its pith. It deserves not merely rhyme, but a rhythm that corresponds to and bears along its homely and powerful feeling. It keeps such good faith with a hearty, primitive ferocity, stanchness of revenge and grim joy in the fighting for it, that no swing given to the verse can throw off those qualities. Only it must not be loquacious, but curt as the murder and compact as the revenge. There is the highest art in the inartificial structure of the poem, and the way in which the verses return as if to take heart by reminiscence. The 1st and 2d verses state the murder; the 3d and 4th are the dead man's bequest of revenge to a nephew; from the 5th to the 13th inclusive he relates the qualities of the murdered uncle; i-

the 14th and 15th the young men ride for vengeance ; in the two next it is accomplished ; then in the 18th there recur the circumstances of the murder, in the 21st, of the revenge, in the 23d, the banquet of victory with the wine well earned, in the 26th to the end the other banquet served up for beasts of prey.

## 1.

Under the rock by the path,  
Slain does he lie ;  
Into his blood no bath  
Of dew comes down from the sky.

## 2.

Great was the load that he laid  
On me and went ;  
Truly the debt shall be paid,  
The burden of what he meant.

## 3.

"Of my revenge is the heir  
A sister's son ;  
Valiant the sword to wear,  
The inappeasable one.

## 4.

Mutely to venom he sweats,  
As an otter is dumb,  
As a snake his breathing whets  
The strongest charm to benumb."

## 5.

Rending news to us came,  
Mischief, mighty and great,  
That our toughest one was tame,  
At last overtaken by fate.

## 6.

Myself 'twas the mischief meant,  
Hurting my friend,  
Who never the guest of his tent  
Did harm to nor offend.

## 7.

Into the coldest of days  
Sun's heat he ray'd,  
Under the dog-star's blaze  
Coolness was he and a shade.

## 8.

Clean and dry-limbed he was,  
And nowhere scant,  
Moist in the palm he was,  
Yet hardy of grip, gallant.

## 9.

With whole of a purpose intent,  
He followed its aim ;  
When he came to a rest, well spent,  
Then rested his purpose's claim.

## 10.

Shower of gifts to bestow,  
Dropp'd he like a cloud ;  
Whenever he fell on the foe,  
No lion more cruel and proud.

## 11.

Stately the people before,  
Black of hair, sweeping dress ;  
A wolf running lean after gore  
Where thickest the enemy press.

## 12.

Honey and wormwood within,  
 Two flavors he had,—  
 Gave victual of one to the friendly,  
 And victual of one to the bad.

## 13.

Terroring went he to ride,  
 None with his hoof-prints  
 But the sword of all Jemen's pride,  
 With its damask of dints.

## 14.

Started we youths at midday  
 The foe to assault,  
 Travell'd all night on the way,  
 As the cloud-trains that never halt.

## 15.

Each one a scimetar kept  
 Sword-girt at each sash,  
 In the scabbard yet it slept,  
 The glittering silent flash.

## 16.

Spirit of sleep they sipped,  
 Were nodding each one,  
 Souls at the neck we clipped:  
 And so we bade them begone.

## 17.

Full the revenge we took,  
 Few of two tribes ran;  
 After them no need to look,  
 For hardly was left a man.

## 18.

The Hudseilite broke his spear,  
Crippled to slay  
Him whose weapons were fear  
The Hudseilites could not stay.

## 19.

Flinty the bed for his lying,  
Left there aloof  
On rocks where camels plying  
All to splinters wear the hoof.

## 20.

When on the sullen place  
Greeted the slain the day,  
Of nought he had was there a trace,  
The booty had hurried away.

## 21.

Now with deep wounds have I  
Hudseilites slain ;  
No grumble of ill-luck make I,  
Baffled ill-luck may complain.

## 22.

Thirst of our spears lay hid  
In the first draught —  
Quench'd, — yet 'twas not forbid  
Another, until the spears laughed.

## 23.

Permit is there for wine ;  
Once we refrained ;  
'Twas with labor great of mine  
Concession of this was gained.

